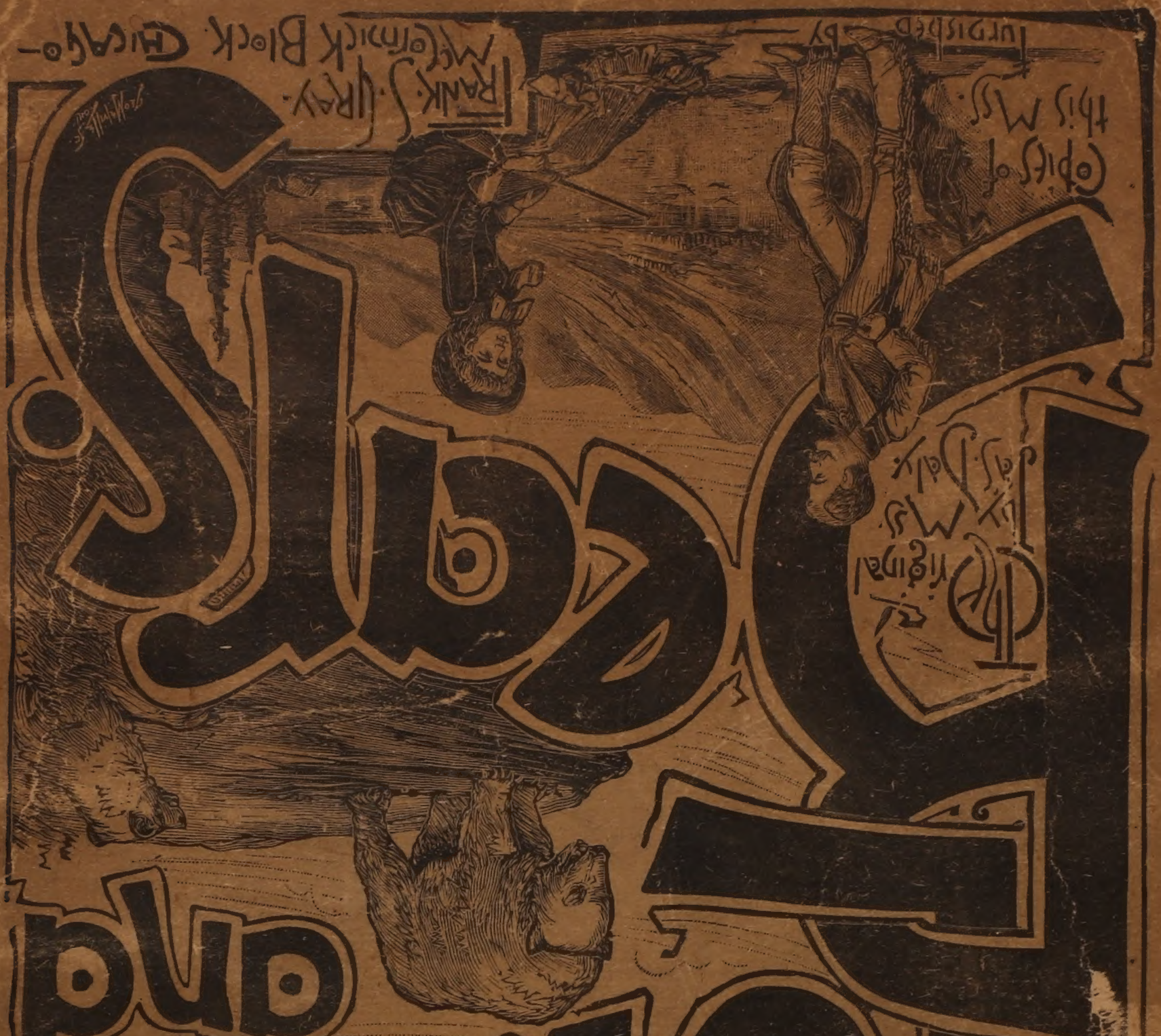
Pulp Novel



Copies of this MS.
Typed by
Private Detective

Frank J. Grey.
Room 1, Merrick Block, Chicago.

AGNES.

See "The Surgeon's Story."

1159

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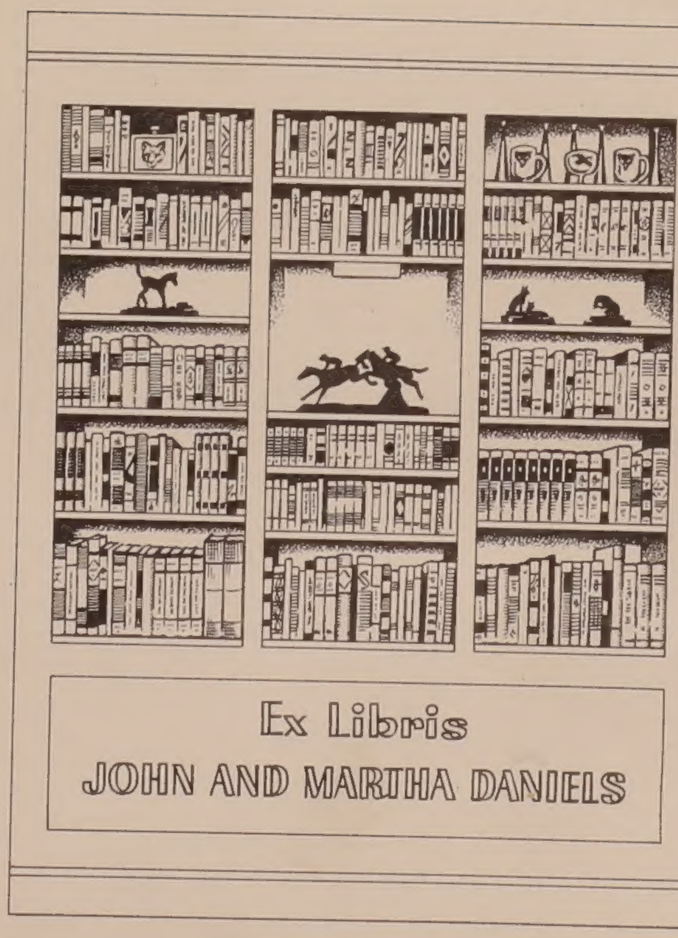
Sport
[Gray, Frank S.]

Hunting trip to northern Idaho

Howes D41



Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

"For Love & Bears"

a Description of a Recent
Hunting Trip
with a romantic finale

— A True Story —

By "James Daly"

Profusely illustrated by
pencil Sketches
also a
Cabinet Photograph
of Grace Horton

Frank S. Gray
Publisher.
McCormick Block
Chicago

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by FRANK S. GRAY,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

James Daly
Journalist.

Chicago, Jan. 7. 188-

Harper Century Scribner Co.
Philadelphia Penn.

Gentlemen,

I send you by express today the manuscript of a story to be entitled "The Original MSS." Kindly look the work over and make me an offer as soon as possible. You are publishing so much trash lately that you will doubtless be highly gratified at receiving something that is artisticaally new: Something refreshing. About the details of binding engraving ect. I will write you again.

When I wrote "Nothing Else" and it was so Eagerly accepted by western publishers, I had little idea that it would reach the enormous sale that it has. Western Stories are not alone for western people. A story like the enclosed should meet with general approval in the east. A little western vim is what your people need. An early reply will be appreciated.

Very Truly
James Daly

Harper Century Scribner & Co.

Publishers.

Dictated by NG

Philadelphia, Jan'y 10 188

Mr James Daly,
Chicago.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of January 2d and the manuscript were duly received. The terms of your letter were not very complimentary, but accepting them as just, we are not yet ready to place the climax on our pyramid of "trash" by publishing "The Original Mss".

We are aware of the success of your previous book, but we prefer not to give our imprimature and endorsement to a book so representative of the "rowdy west". So long as we can have the classic style and polished diction of the finest minds of Boston and New York to choose from, we shall ask to be excused from the rude scenes and rough adventures of bear hunters and miners. Your story and song, wit, humor, music, love and adventure, may be attractive to the public of your region, but it would not be to the people of superior refinement who purchase our books.

Very respectfully,

Harper Century Scribner and Co.

PREFACE.

"So they rejected your Mss.,did they? Well,its good enough for you. I suppose you came to a hasty conclusion that if Eastern houses continued publishing such stuff as the "Baltimorians" and the "Buffalo Ball,"and "Good King Grover,"that they would jump at your work,did you? Well,that is just where you make a mistake. A book necessarily must be flat to succeed there. Had you made a thorough examination of Clark's Fork of the Columbia,with soundings of the stream illustrated with charts; the temperature of the water at various depths; a description with plates,of the geology, zoology,mineralogy,its fauna,and a lot of other nonsense,they would have taken it eagerly; sold fifty copies,perhaps,at four dollars each. But then you would be held as very high authority on Clark's Fork. Perhaps a degree of "Ph.D."would take you unawares from some Eastern seat of learning,next summer.

The finest minds of Boston and New York---Bah!---The minds of the literary centers of the East are fed on beans and smelts and oat meal. You get from such minds the kind of literature you would expect." My good friend Gray would have said more,but he was mad. He rested awhile and said. "Give me the book! I'll call

it "For Love and Bears " You bet it will sell. But look out for the Eastern book reviewers. They will maul the book out of all proportion. But let them maul we are not after that trade, we want the "rowdy West." And I intend to reproduce the manuscript exactly as you have written it, and we will see whether the "finest minds of literary centers are appreciated in the West."

This soothed my mind and stroked my temper the right way. He has taken the book. Not to assume too much I must say the events hereafter narrated are not my invention, they are all actual occurrences. I have not made the characters. They are at this moment in the flesh, but under new titles. But the events that transpired, while true, are not what happened to the characters that I bring into the book, entirely. Grace lives at

Lost Valley Ranch

nestled in among the mountains, is a good rider, a fine shot, and writes: "I am extremely happy in my lovely mountain home thirty miles from the nearest post office." She would never have appeared here had I not early one morning left camp alone and wandered back some miles over the mountains for a famous trout stream. I had reached the summit of a ridge, and pausing to watch the sun just rising over the cascades, when on the slope of the opposite ridge I saw a large black tail buck running. I unslung my rifle

and dropping on one knee waited until he was opposite, and fired. The deer disappeared behind a clump of trees, and while watching for him to reappear a sharp crack of a rifle rang out from the ridge the deer was on. I saw him stagger, stumble and fall. I was as much surprised at the noise of a rifle in that place as I would have been at the sound of a full brass band. A large shelving rock ran out a few yards ahead of where the deer had fallen, and noticing a movement there, my eye was attracted instantly to the spot, when, after parting the low hemlock branches, I noticed a hunter step out on the rock, clad in buckskin from head to foot, and the light glancing from a rifle barrel slung over his shoulder. But my surprise was still greater, when with a merry laugh the hunter called out in the clear morning air, in feminine tones. "Oh, John, you missed him. Ha! ha! ha!" I was across the gulch, and unseen, but I stepped out into view and answered: "I missed him, that's sure; but my name is not John. But if you will allow me I will come over and look at your prize." The rifle of the hunter was instantly brought down, a new cartridge inserted, and she dropped the stock to the ground, holding the barrel with both hands. I noticed her action, while clambering down the side of the gulch, and was somewhat disconcerted in her silence. She saw my embar-

rassment, I think, and said:

"You will find a better path up, on the left of the rock."

On reaching the summit I found the huntress to be a lady of parhaps twenty-two, clad in a tight fitting doe-skin bodice reaching to the knees, highly embroidered on the sleeves, neckband and skirt, with embroidered leggings buttoning up the side. Snapping black eyes and hair peering out from beneath a red Tam O'Shanter hat. The bodice was brought in at the waist with a cartridge belt studded with wicked looking 45 cartridges. She was evidently embarrassed at my close scrutiny, and said immediately:

"Did you shoot? I thought it was brother John. We very often come out here; he goes down into the valley and drives, while I stand on this run way. It was about time for him to come, I thought it must have been him, sure."

I explained how I happened to be in the vicinity and where we were camped, and if I could be of any service to her I was at her bidding. Just then a voice came up from down the gulch, "Who shot the first time, Grace?" She went to the edge of the rock and called down.

"Come up and see, John."

When John appeared he was as much surprised as any of us at seeing two buckskin clad hunters in place of one, his sister.

This was Grace Horton. I helped dress the deer and John and I with a quarter each, followed the path down the ridge to the stream and up to their house at the head of Lost Valley. Grace taking the lead, chatting pleasantly all the way.

I met with a hospitable reception that morning, and during my whole stay in the vicinity.

Grace wears, as will be seen in the photograph, a gold yacht wheel breastpin crossed with oars, and set with diamonds, which she was awarded at an amateur rowing contest among ladies in an Eastern watering place. Yet she is unassuming, unpretentious, demure, kind and beautiful.

"Idaho Bob" the companion and guide, holds a heart under his vest too large for his own good. A genial frontiersman, generous to a fault, a miner who has "struck it" small several times, and my only wish is that he may yet strike "a ton of the solid stuff."

"Peace River Bill," another one, makes up his stature by his pluck and genial companionship. If his eyes ever glance over these lines he will know if he did spoil the broth on several occasions that it is not remembered against him. And to

who says every fall, "Darling, is it not about time for your trip to the woods? Get your guns ready and go, you are working too hard. And who patiently listens and is interested in my yarns when I come home, I dedicate

FOR LOVE AND BEARS.

GIMME A LIGHT! (page 17)

The Story

"For Love and Bears"

by

"James Daly"

Blank No. 11.

CABLE MESSAGES.

The Western Union Telegraph Company

All messages destined for points beyond the United States, via the Atlantic Cables and the Cables to Cuba and Mexico, which are received by this Company for transmission, will be so received and sent forward over its lines to the terminus thereof, and there delivered to the next connecting Telegraph Company, only on the terms and conditions printed on the back hereof.

THOS. T. ECKERT, Gen'l Manager. NORVIN GREEN, Pres.

LASALLE ST. OPERATOR Nov 26 CHICAGO

Jena Nov. 26 188

Send the following Message, subject to terms and conditions printed on the back hereof, which are agreed to.

To Wm. D. Howells

Chicago Ill

10 collect

Am well and fifty pounds richer.

John

CHAPTER I

That was the only way his parents ever heard from him. I have heard it said that he did not write them a line during his residence in Germany. He was an odd genius that way. John had been an old and intimate friend of mine. We were boys together; we lived in adjoining houses; our mothers borrowed eggs and things from each other when company came. If John went anywhere Jim was sure to go too. I was Jim. Our names, John and Jim, were always

coupled together as though we were in partnership. We sat together in school when we could. We separated in our college days. John went to Europe after he had finished his course,to study medicine. I wonder I did not take to medicine too,because John did. The only thing I disliked about John in my boyhood days,was his Saturday morning occupation. At that time I would generally find him dissecting a cat or rabbit in his woodshed. He would be so interested in it that no amount of persuasion would call him away for a ramble in the woods or a boat ride on the river. I had now nearly forgotten his existence. I knew he had gone abroad to study medicine,but whether it was Madrid or Moscow,I did not know. He never wrote to me,and I have my doubts if he ever wrote a letter in his life.

I was called to New York early in the spring of last year,finished my business,and in returning home met John on the sleeper. He was greatly changed. I scarcely knew him. He was now a full fledged,tall,slim,handsome physician,and I?---well,I took to this business. I was glad to see him,I knew he was to see me. We talked all afternoon; talked,smoked and kept moving around from seat to seat while the porter was making up the berths in the evening. He made ours up early,according to directions,as we both

agreed to get to bed by nine o'clock,being tired. It got later and later and the time flew quickly in relating old experiences. John would ask questions about this one and that one,so we had finally to adjourn to the smoking room at the end of the car. I had married shortly after John had gone abroad,and as I said, he was no hand to correspond,so I never heard from him. We had been drifting apart gradually for some years,and were now renewing the old friendship. I had called him "Doctor" to or three times during the day. He frowned the first time,and on my repetition of it said:

"Look here,Jim! don't call me Doctor any more,it don't sound exactly natural from you. I call <u>you</u> Jim,and let me be John,from this on.

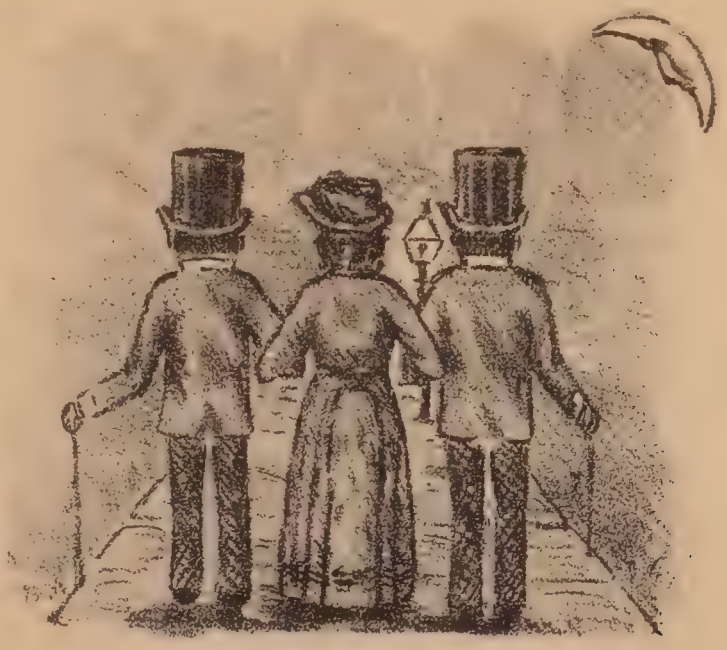
I replied,"well,<u>Jim</u> does sound good,I very seldom hear it now my wife says <u>James</u>,or darling,and occasionally,you old wretch!

"Well,that's right;" put in John,"And don't you remember how Grace often said she liked us both because we had such reckless, free-for-all names; they were so short and easy to handle."

"I don't remember her saying she liked <u>me</u>,"I said. But I thought to myself,I remember one time of telling her,John was at home that evening cutting up cats,and she said:

"Oh,isn't that nice! He's going to be a surgeon,isn't he?"

I knew then,or suspected,how matters stood. I had been waiting all day for John to say something about Grace. She had been



A Partnership Sweetheart

in days gone by. I always knew John liked her more than I did. John was always diffident,and especially so when in Grace's company. I suspected by that circumstance alone that John was in love with her,that budding affection. John was eighteen or nineteen then,and Grace perhaps fifteen. Grace had gone East to school shortly before John went away. I corresponded with her awhile, but I guess John never did. She wrote me several times,"Wonder why Johnny never writes?" But"Johnny",I learned since,while he thought everything of her,supposed Grace fancied me,and he,poor

soul,without a bit of ill feeling toward me,let his own case go by default. When John mentioned Grace's name he blushed like a school girl. It was dim in the half lighted apartment filled with cigar smoke,but not so dim that I could not see his face. We had not said a word for some minutes. We were talked out. I was in an easy,comfortable position,with my feet on the seat opposite. John was in the corner next to the window. Our cigars were nearly gone,and it was getting along towards midnight. Have you ever noticed,in however an animated conversation between several persons,or a room full of them,a time will come when it seems that every one ran down at about the same moment? A

"Silence comes like a poultice
To heal the wounds of sound."

That was our situation then. I thought of something else I wanted to ask him,but remembered I had asked him the same thing before,so kept quiet. If John,after an elapse of a few minutes had not said suddenly, "Gimme a light!" I would have been asleep. We smoked on again in silence. The train began to slacken speed and soon stopped. It was Windsor. We waited until we crossed the river to Detroit. We then arose to take a breath of air on the platform,I going first,when the rear car door opened and a

young lady, tall and handsome, dressed in a closely fitting sealskin cloak and muffled up to the chin, stepped in, followed by the porter with some of her wraps and a small satchel. I always stop to look at a pretty face. My wife says if I don't quit it "she will pull my hair". Then I say:

"Darling! don't you know how often I sit looking at you?" That always settles it; but I mean it.

My Wife

is handsome! Don't you think so?

At the first glance something seemed familiar, and I looked again. It was Grace herself. I spoke, and she did not recognize me at first. I had grown considerably around the equator, and was getting a little bald. When she did, she said in her old way, shaking hands cordially:

"Well, you dear old Jim!"

I replied: "Look out! I'm married."

"Yes," she said,"I know it. If you hadn't been,you don't know how precise I would have acted."

We chatted on a few minutes,while the porter was taking her wraps inside,and learned she had been on a visit in Ohio and was now going back home. Meanwhile,I turned around for John,but did not see him,he had gone out the other end of the car. I said nothing to her about John,thinking he would step in every minute, when I would have a surprise for them both. The porter now returned and said:

"You'll have to take an uppa',missus! dey aint no lowers,all gone at Buffalo."

"Oh,that is wretched!" She said. "I do hate an upper berth. I never sleep in one."

I had a lower berth,and what could I do? I dislike an upper berth,people weighing two hundred pounds or more generally do. Here was a pretty,pouting face,and I did what I always do,offered to exchange.

"No,"she said,"you won't either, I know you are tired,you are very kind,too,but as I never slept in an upper,I'm going to try it." I began to expostulate.but it was of no use. She was determined. And with a pretty nod,And"Good night,"went in and out

of sight. I went at once for John. He was not on the platform and as the night was chilly and cold,I sat down in the smoking room again,to wait for him. The train pulled out of the depot,and still as I did not see him had fears he was left,when the porter came in. Asking him if he had seen my friend he said:

"Yes Boss,he's gone to bed. He came in here an' looked 'round fer you,an' you was gone,so he turned in."

I at once started for my berth,had opened the curtains,and was taking off my coat when I heard a little muffled cry,and turning around,saw Grace standing under the lamp at the further end of the car,her face pale,and holding on to the curtains with both hands. I went to her at once. She was just ready to climb up she said,but when on the ladder, had made [illegible] and---fallen.

"My ankle hurts me so"---She said this much when her little head began to droop,her hands relax, in another moment she would have fallen,but I caught her. Here I was,a married man of some years,practically alone in a dimly lighted car,with a helpless, young,and quite handsome lady in my charge---yes,and in my arms. I thought,if I call,I'll have a head out between every curtain and, what good will that do? I took her up as carefully as possible and carried her back to the smoking room. I found the porter

on a little seat between the wash basins, busily blacking boots, and singing

I'm de Pullman Palace porter;
In de night I always shine.
But it always costs a quarter
In de mawnen'--'long dis line.

When I came around the corner in the alley between the side of the car and the smoking room, no easy task either, his shining black face, suddenly turned two shades whiter. I told him the lady had fallen off his ~~gosh~~ blasted old ladder, and to hustle around and get some cold water and a towel, and then to call my friend at once. I did the resuscitating part of it to a nicety---(Great guns!! if

my wife sees this! I never told her the full circumstances, merely mentioned that Miss Horton fell and fainted---I got some water, etc.,etc.) I wet the towel and bathed her face;

~~She starts; she moves!~~

~~She seems to feel~~

~~The thrill of life~~

~~Aline her heart.~~

at once the color began to creep over her white neck and face, and she awoke. She looked up and around rather startled, and said softly, "Oh, Johnny!" I thought to myself, poor girl, her mind is wandering. But her face was now suffused with blushes, and turning around I found John bending over my shoulder. He had come in unobserved by me, and was now looking intently at her with a rather unusual paleness about his face.

--o--

Coming in on such a scene as this,and being the chap that was wanted,(See? Lots more like this before you get through.) made me feel as being a little unnecessary,so I stepped out into the wash room,and rung out the towel. I was hanging it up when Doctor that is John,asked me to go at once to his berth and bring him his case. When I came back John had cut the shoe off,her ankle having swelled badly,and was now about to remove the stocking. I'll stop here long enough to say that John was blushing again,and worse than ever. It was his first case and he was also nervous. Something had to be done to get that stocking off. I came to his resene with a small pair of pocket folding scissors I always carry, and said:

"Here,John! let me attend to this while you are getting out your bandages and liniment." I carefully inserted the point of the scissors in the stocking just above the ankle,cutting around it, and making a verticle cut down over the instep, pulled the foot part off easily,and threw it aside,noticing at the same time what a dainty little silk thing it was. Grace was suffering with the sprain,but never murmured,and while John was rubbing the ankle

with arnica,or some such stuff,and wrapping it with bandages,I stayed by more to "chaperone"the crowd than anything else. Sleep was out of the question wi' Grace at least for that night. I asked the porter to get the gentleman in the lower of Grace's section to take the Doctor's berth for the rest of the night. He was mad,of course,at being waked up,but on my explanation of things apologized and changed. I left Grace with her bandaged foot resting on the opposite seat, covered with a shawl,and left John sitting beside her when I went to bed,and noticed that it was just three o'clock. We were due at Chicago at seven. Grace was now living in Washington Territory' her father had been a hop broker; he took the fever,went to the Coast and put everything he had in a hop ranch and its appurtenances,kilns,dry houses,cabins, poles,and with the remainder of his capital put up a comfortable house to live in. In 1881 his crop was an enormous one. He closed out every pound he had at a figure bordering close on to a dollar. This made him a richer man than he ever dreamed of. Grace was going out to her home when the accident occurred,but now a direct continuation of her journey beyond Chicago was out of the question.

John sat beside Miss Horton for many minutes without uttering

a syllable,and when he did speak,he said:

"I'm afraid,Miss Horton,you are suffering severely with your ankle."

"Yes,"she replied,"It does pain me some,but you have fixed it so nicely and relieved the pain so much,that it is quite bearable now." He would have said nothing more,fearing she would rather be quiet,but Grace did not give him a chance. She asked him about his experiences abroad; told about her new home,and the incidents connected with their change from city to ranch life. One subject led to another until the Doctor forgot his reserve and chatted and laughed as he did when he and Grace were children. Grace began relating the evening's experience over again,and laughingly said that I must have looked very comical trying to squeeze through the narrow end of the car,carrying her on my shoulder. John laughed,too. Those two geese sat there laughing at me until Grace accidentally gave her foot a twist.

Grace secured a little sleep before reaching Chicago. I had given her a very urgent invitation to spend a short time with us, she would have a quiet place,my wife would be delighted to have her,and incidentally remarked she would also have proper medical treatment,which was very necessary. At which John looked away,

apparently quite unconcerned,and Grace blushed slightly. Oh I'm quite a schemer that way,and it was surprising how they both fell in with the proposition. Everything was arranged satisfactorily. John was to accompany Grace in the carriage to the hotel,to get some mail she expected there,and then go on up to the house and if I had not preceeded them,for John to explain to my wife the situation. We would then have a little reunion at breakfast. I had a short engagement before I took the cars up to the house, but on arriving at home and kissing the wife and babies a couple of times all round,I inquired for the missing ones. They had not come. We breakfasted,and it was not until twelve o'clock that John drove up alone and said Miss Horton had received a telegram at the hotel,saying her father was seriously ill. She decided that she must go on home at once,and that he had taken her to the depot,and had seen her safely on the train. But from the crest-fallen look that John had,I knew he thought it too bad the old man should get sick at this special time.

It was some weeks after this before I heard from Grace,or saw John. I was somewhat anxious to hear how she had made the long trip,suffering as she was with her foot. One morning among my mail I found this little note.

Lost Valley Ranch, Nov. 8.th

My Dear Mr Daly,

You have doubtless wondered at my silence. Papa was quite ill on my arrival, but is now slowly recovering. My sickness is now so much better that I can get around very nicely without assistance, that is, no one carries me around in their arms!! I was so nicely taken care of on the Northern Pacific, and was also very fortunate in meeting an old lady acquaintance of Mamma's, - In fact I got along famously.

~~My attention to Papa has~~ hindered me from writing sooner, Thanking you again for your kind treatment and attention, and with much love to Mrs. D. and the children, and a kind remembrance to Dr. Shaw, I am

Very sincerely Yours.
Grace Horton.

I met John at lunch that day and told him I had heard from Miss Horton.

"Did you? How did she get home? How is the old gentleman?"

In answer, I handed him her letter John had asked his questions anxiously and in quick succession, I thought he must have heard from Grace himself and was carrying on the pantomime to make me believe he was in total ignorance of her After he had read the letter and handed it back, I asked him. He denied it and said.

"No Jim, I think there is no chance for me. Grace will pick out some of those hop fellows out there I'm poor, you know, and couldn't support a wife if I had one When I'm settled in a good practice, I'll be too old then."

That made me mad. I said "To the dickens with your practice you have enough to live on The matter with you is that you have no confidence in yourself. As for money, hasn't she got enough for you?"

"That's where the difficulty is," interrupted John.

"Oh, nonsense! Why didn't you write her a line and find out if she had reached home safely? D'y 'spose she's going to write you first? She is not the girl to run after you. If she did, it would give you a chance to say:

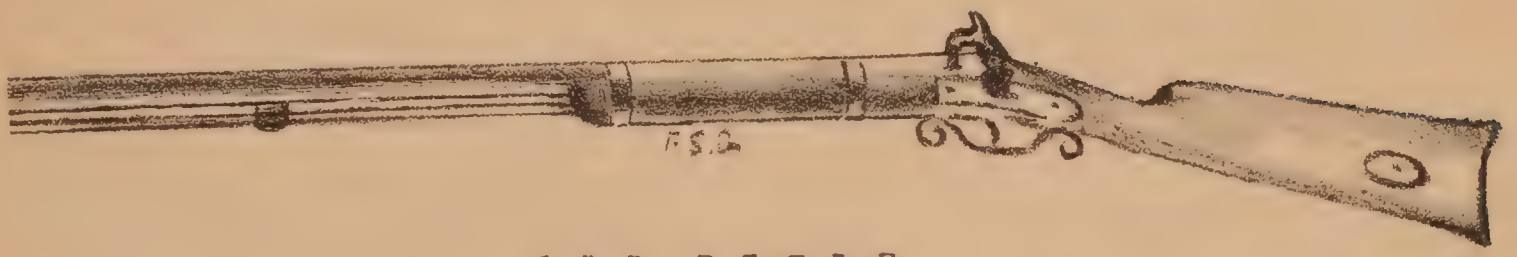
"Apples that fall without shakin'

Is most too meller fur me."

John said no more on the subject, and with a woe-begone expression dived into his steak. Well, I thought this is discouraging. They are sighing like furnaces for each other, and I wouldn't be surprised if Grace took matters into her own hands and settled this business, yet. I asked John after lunch, to call on us any time, and we parted. I don't think I saw him more than twice during the summer, and then he said he was settling down to work steadily, and was very busy just then with some detective or lost girl case, I don't just remember exactly. He said nothing about Grace, nor did I

CHAPTER III.

Ever since I was old enough to handle a gun I have been passionately fond of a rifle. I can remember of shooting Grandfather's old muzzle loader when I was seven years old. Every time I had the opportunity, from that time till I was twelve or fourteen, I had that



O L D R I F L E

with me on all my tramps over the farm. When bullets would get scarce I would shoot pebbles out of it. I shot a rabbit or squirrel occasionally, but no large game except a pig once, and another time

A Neighbor's Cow.

This was expensive amusement--for father. I have the old rifle yet. It was willed to me because I appreciated it. It has a common, home-made walnut stock, the original [illegible] having been broken off by a hired man we had on the old place who had tried to kill a dog that was after the sheep, but missing him, he cornered the dog, and beat him to death with the butt end of the gun. It was straightened out after this mishap, and the present stock put on. I have heard more stories about what that gun has done than would fill an encyclopaedia. Along about 1820 it was a flint lock, as soon as the percussion cap was invented it was changed over, and Grandfather has told me many a time, of the deer he killed with it on moonlight nights when they would jump over the fence into his barley field. And then I have a faint remembrance of hearing them talk in the evening around the old fireplace, of "that time nigger Jim came to our house" covered with cuts and bruises, having been whipped by his master in Kentucky, and the posse of

MEN WITH DOGS

coming after him, and then the gun went off in Grandfather's hands, and the man on the first horse fell off, and the others went away, and how they carried him into the house--then I would get very much interested, and ask Grandfather about it and he would say:

"Oh! tut! tut! child, that was long, long ago. You must not ask so many questions."

I can remember, too, our shooting at a mark one fourth of July, when we were so small we could just reach the trigger. We all did fairly, the older boys excelling, when Grandfather, then nearly ninety, came out of the house to watch the shooting. We all clamored for him to shoot. He ordered the gun loaded with as much powder as would cover the bullet, held in the palm of the hand. The patching to be a certain size and shape, the bullet to be inserted a certain way. We watched these preliminaries with an awe that impressed itself on my mind ever since. And when he raised the rifle, with trembling hands, out for only an instant, and fired, we knew intuitively the result. He had beat us all. The "cross was cut." I can see yet the smile that lit up his face when the target was brought to him. The old gun is practically worthless now, but I value it highly for the old reminiscences it recalls.

It has been said that a man is useless unless he has a hobby; and among lovers of the rod and gun no man is useless, according to that maxim, as if ever a class of beings have their special hobbies it is this very class. I have a fishing friend whose hobby runs to reels. He has reels of all descriptions, all sizes and kinds; imported and domestic--writes reel notes for the sporting papers. He will stop you on the street and expatiate on his latest acquisition. Another enthusiast has a hobby for lines, another for some special wood for rods. The gunners are about as bad. Each manufacturer has his votaries. An enthusiast that handles a fowling piece has no congeniality for a rifleman. A rifleman disdains to handle a gun that shoots a "handful of bullets at a time:" And so it goes.

I was partially raised on a rifle and of course my taste runs that way. I hear my friends say occasionally, "Oh you have a hobby for rifles, let's talk about something else."

I guess that's so! I look forward to September as the gala month of the year. There is as much pleasure in anticipation as the realization. For years I have gone to Michigan, on the Indian River, Brule, Chicogan Lake, Felch Mountain, Sturgeon River (both branches), on the Pike, also in Northern Wisconsin for black bear

and deer.

But I wanted more range, and a chance to try my wings with the big grizzleys. The bigger the better. I had heard great stories about what ugly fellows they were, but that only enthused me the more.

I do pity those poor souls who go to the sea shore for their recreation. I was induced to go once--I wore kid gloves and a standing collar for four weeks. I had to, every body did. I pickled myself and blistered my back in the surf--they all did that too--but comfort? No! Not a tree in sight, nothing but big black rocks and dreary stretches of sand. And when the tide goes out the black, decaying, ill smelling weeds that hang limp from the rocks, the bugs and worms crawling along the sand, the big hot frame hotels $8 a day--Mercy! I don't see how I stood it as long as I did. And then they would talk about their clams and lobsters, and eels, and Sunday concerts. It makes me mad every time I think of it. I wouldn't give a day in the pines to an eternity on the seashore. The ceaseless beat of the water, that never lets up; it is called poetic pathetic, but its one dreary swish, plunge, and spill all day and all night. The seashore is a humbug.

Take, in comparison, the tinkle and the music of a little moun-

tain waterfall hidden beneath the cool, shady branches of the towering and lofty pines and cedars, their tops swayed by every breeze, the ground covered with moss, as I have seen it in the Sturgeon, a foot thick, and varigated by such beautiful, charming tints that a moquet carpet looks like a pine plank beside it Then the smell of the hemlock and cedar; the quiet that reigns everywhere, the absence of all the hurry and bustle and worry--the easy fitting flannel shirt, and the felt hat And the appetite gained by coming to camp from a long jaunt over some hard wood ridge, covered with beech and maple, carrying a string of trout from some neighboring stream, or a haunch of venison killed on an adjacent runway, and sit down in camp, on the ground, perhaps, and eat fried onions, and venison toasted on a stick bacon, and potatoes baked in the ashes, with tea, and hot buscuit made in a few minutes of flour baking powder and water, with a little bacon grease to shorten it. It makes me hungry now, to think about it. The blazing cedar logs and the short black pipe, of Durham or Cavendish, as dessert. Then the quiet, restful sleep, and the stars overhead keeping watch all night by peeping down at you around and through the hemlock branches. No wonder you gain a pound a day.

If you have been wasting your recreation spells at Nantucket,

Orchard Beach, or Coney Island, try a change. Get a tent and a frying pan, a rod and a gun, and take a northern or western trip, and if you ever go back to the seashore, it will be on account of business, or to attend a funeral. A ten mule team wouldn't pull you there again for pleasure.

This is how I happened to be seated in a sleeping car, ticketed through to the mountains, one day last fall, at St Paul. The car filled up rapidly and soon we were off. I was looking around to see who were to be my fellow boarders for a few days, picking out the ones I thought would be agreeable and those that might be boorish. I have always noticed, in taking a trip of this kind, that for the first few hours every one thinks he is interested in some magazine or book he has bought, supposing of course, the time is to pass heavily, and also, any familiarity either by word or action, is resented, that would lead to a conversation or acquaintance. But no matter how stiff, the ice breaks before long and every one in the car knows the other's names, occupations, whether married or single, where from and where going to, and what for.

We had a delightful party, people on board from nearly every northern state in the Union. Some going out permanently, others

bound for Yellowstone Park, and others for mines and cattle. We had a St.Paul man, and another from Minneapolis, aboard, both in the real estate business. The census of their respective towns was being taken at the time; their rivalry precipitated warm discussions. I took a sketch of

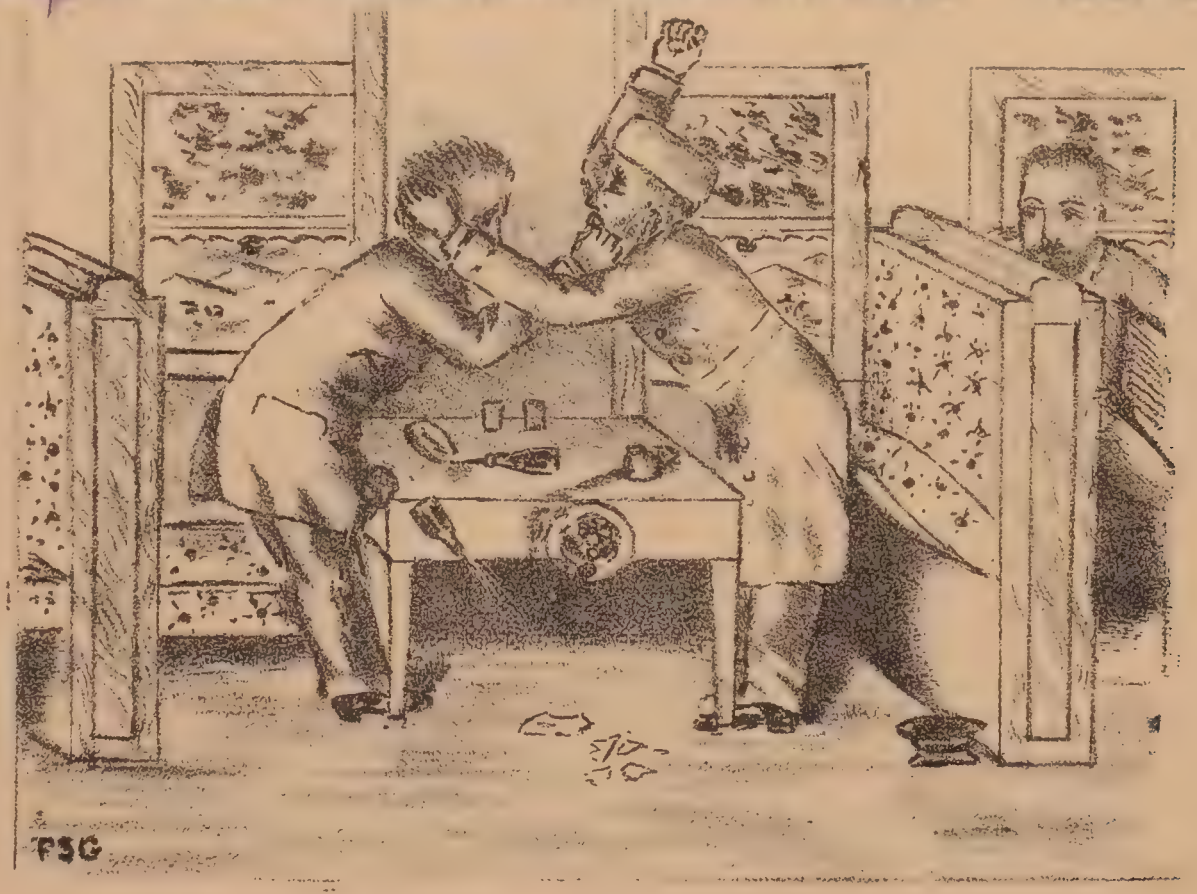
St.PAUL asleep

We went flying over prairies, through grain fields miles long, hardly ever out of sight of some handsome little lake, with thousands of ducks and geese skimming over and around them. Through towns, young and old, past sod-houses and stone mansions. At Anoka

I went forward to see how my baggage was faring, and found the maple syrup can had gone wrong in one of the boxes. ~~Not always but I always take this along when camping. I did this time~~ I got a new can from the dining car, and fixed that. In coming back through the emigrant sleeping coach, I was surprised at the intelligent and well dressed people who occupied it. I sat down beside a kind and nice looking old gentleman and found he was a banker in an eastern city, who made the trip every year to see a son and daughter in Oregon. He preferred this mode to the Pullman. He said: "I am not penurious, at least no one says I am, I bring along my blankets and pillows, can let my bunk down any time, can read and smoke, in fact I 'camp out' in one of these trains every fall. I went over in a Pullman the first time, and happened in this car on an exploring tour, just as you probably are, and met an old acquaintance, who couldn't afford a curtained section in the sleepers: He seemed to be having such a good time that I disposed of my berth and went out with him." The old gentleman and I visited back and forth every day, and before the journey was over every occupant of the "Miles City" had called on the emigrant sleeper banker. We breakfasted the first morning out, when passing Jamestown. Then "St. Paul" and "Minneapolis" had a discussion whether it was "Jim" or "James"-town. "St. Paul"

held it was "Jim" until "Minneapolis" hit him with a warm and greasy piece of steak that had just been brought in. It took him on the side of his face; then they had it out. When they clinched "St.Paul" said:

"You have been telling the (rippety!) (blankest!!) lies, anyhow, about that hog-wallow town of yours, you are the--(thump)(thump)--~~damnedest~~ old"--Then "Minneapolis" took his turn. With that he



took "St.Paul" a belt in the mouth, which was half full of buscuit, saying:

(Thump)(thump)--"You-call-me-a-liar, do you? I do lie(thump) a little, but I got a town to lie(thump)about. "New York" and

"Columbus"(every one goes by the name of the town they hail from) jumped on the belligerents and hauled them apart, and seated them in opposite ends of the car, and reordered new breakfasts for them. At ten o'clock I went forward again, and who should I see but the two pugilists of the morning in sweet communion with each other, a box of cigars at one side, and a bottle of whiskey and glasses between them. They had appreciated each others knocking out propensities. If I go to St.Paul again, I expect to see a real estate sign

SAINT PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & CO.
REAL ESTATE BROKERS
BRANCH OFFICES IN BOTH CITIES

In crossing the trussle on the further side of the Mis-- souri at Bismarck, we were shown the place where two workmen, some years ago, got into a scrimmage, clinched and rolled off full eighty feet, and both were killed. The real estate dealers were on the platform, and "Minneapolis" said:

"St.Paul"! it's a good thing, ole pard'(hic)we were not out here th'smornin', aint it?(hic)eh?

"Yes! you bettsherboots, it's a good thing! 'Cause I would

have been(hic)tired hoofen' it into Mandan on this skeery thing, to tell them(hic)there was a dead man back there under the bridge."

"Minneapolis" glared out of his open eye a minute, but at the laugh which greeted him, he subsided, and leading the way into the "diner" he said, "let'sh all have sumpthin, "eh?

We reached the Bad Lands about six o'clock, and the setting sun tinging these wonderful formations with a reddish glare, making them appear even more wierd and fantastic. We were an hour or more going through them, and at seven reached Medora, with refrigerator cars all along the side tracks. We were admiring the place, and attention was called to the neat appearance of the Marquis de Mores slaughter house, when "St.Paul" said; noticing its cleanliness, "I wonder what is done with the offal?" There was a pause of some time, but "Minneapolis" answered the question, by saying: "The beef all goes to Minneapolis, and the rest to St.Paul." All hands moved toward the "diner" at "St.Paul's" expense.

Night settled down again: In the morning the real estate men were gone. As we went further west the smoke of burning Pacific forests became denser, and when we reached Helena in the evening, I was obliged to change my plans. I thought it useless to go through as the eastern overland trains brought the news of Oregon and Wash-

ington woods all ablaze, with the thermometer at 98° at Spokane. One passenger, east bound, told me that two days before a man couldn see another one across the street at Portland. When at supper, going out of Helena, the conductor came through the car calling out my name. He had a telegram; it was as follows:

Form No. 2.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

ALL MESSAGES TAKEN BY THIS COMPANY ARE SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

To guard against mistakes or delays, the sender of a message should order it REPEATED; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office for comparison. For this, one-half the regular rate is charged in addition. It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in the transmission, or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any UNREPEATED message, whether happening by negligence of its servants or otherwise, beyond the amount received for sending the same; nor for mistakes, or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non delivery, of any REPEATED message beyond fifty times the sum received for sending the same, unless specially insured, nor in any case for delays arising from unavoidable interruption in the working of its lines, for or errors in cipher or obscure messages. And this Company is hereby made the agent of the sender, without liability, to forward any message over the lines of any other Company when necessary to reach its destination.

THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager. NORVIN GREEN, President.

Receiver's No.	Time Filed.	Check.
16467	215	Jones

Send the following message subject to the above terms, which are hereby agreed to. Chicago, Aug 25 188 .

To James Daly

Passenger on No 2

Going out N. P. R. R.

You are a nice one

run away and say

nothing. Wire your

destination and I will

come

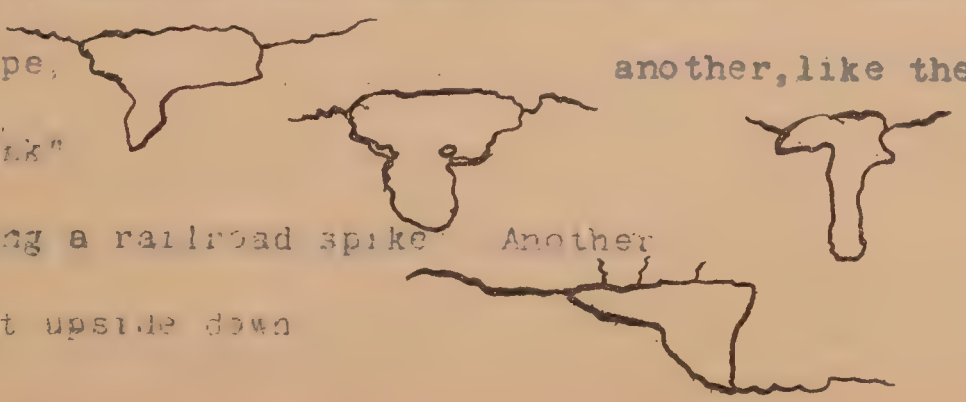
John

I read it over again with a smile. I had thought of asking

John to come, before I started, and might have known that he would have come. His heart was out this way, and had been for some months. He only wanted an excuse to follow it. He had suddenly taken a resolution to "go on a hunt" with me. He was on the right track this time, and I knew no matter how he handled his weapons, unless he overshot the mark, there was a mild eyed little deer only waiting its captor.

CHAPTER 4.

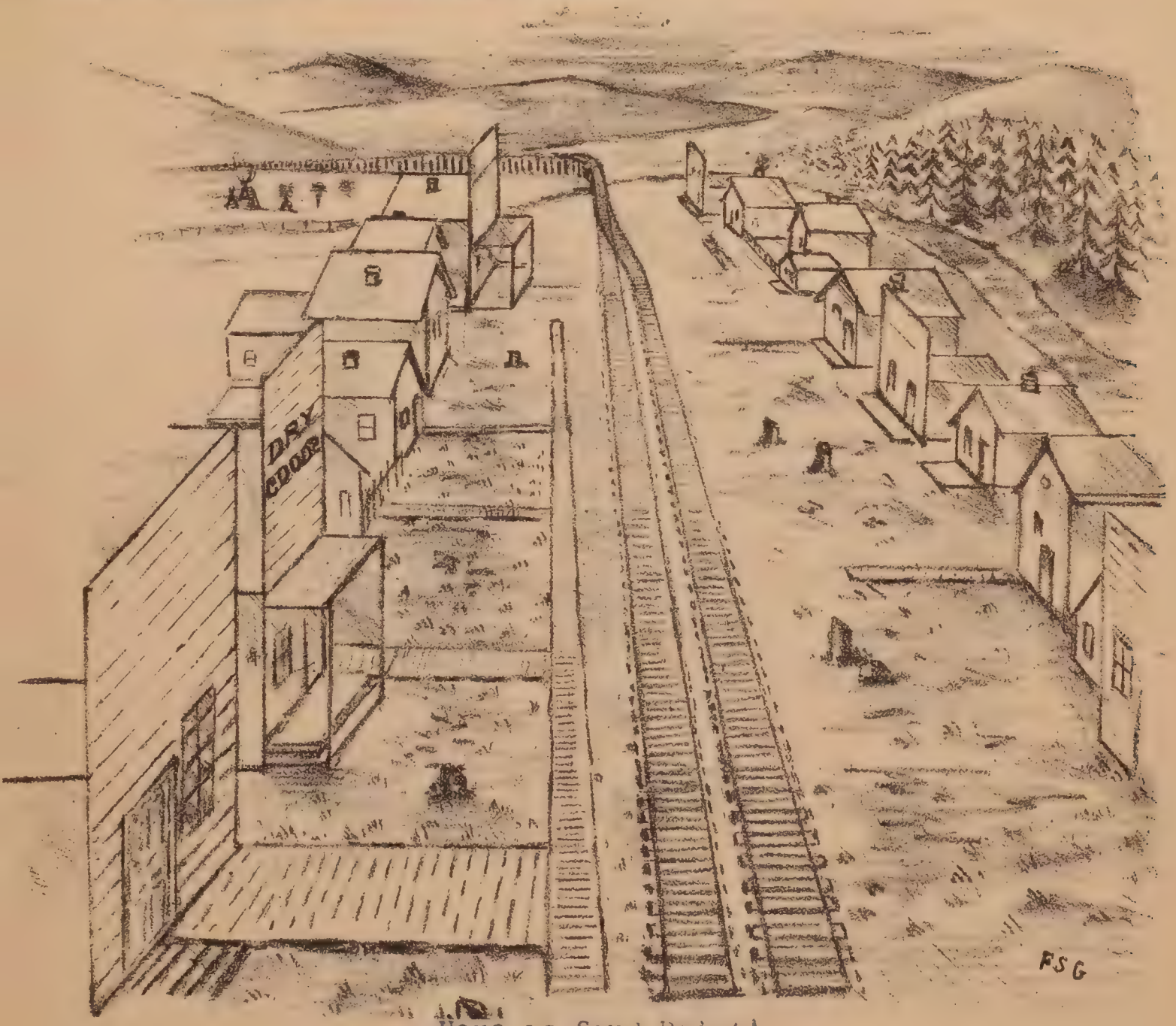
I had seen on the maps a lake in northern Idaho, with the outlandish name Pend d'Oreille, written through it and around it, but I never saw the lake drawn twice alike. One drawing was made this shape,



another, like the ace of clubs on a "drunk" another resembling a railroad spike. Another like a deformed foot upside down

The map recorded by the Husdon Bay Company by its agents seventy years ago is the nearest approach to it, but its outline is not quite correct. Lake Pend d'Oreille is one of the largest, if not the largest fresh water lake in the west. I knew I would be well repaid by taking a trip for a week along its borders, if I found no game. The smoke being so bad further west and John desiring to meet me, made me decide to stop right here until everything was propitious. Pend d'Oreille was the name given the lake by the early French priests meaning "lobe of the ear". It has no such resemblance, but that impression may have been given to one looking at the lake on its eastern arms. Passengers on the Nothern Pacific Rail Road in passing along its northern borders see a beautiful sheet of water with large islands and bordered by high mountains, but this is only a small bay of the lake proper, which extends south from Hope mountain, in a direct line for forty-five miles. My stopping place was at Pend d'Oreille Station, (pronounced by the natives Pon-der-ay), others call the place Sand Point. I alighted here with my traps and baggage and wired John that I would wait here until he came. I then took a stroll to view the Idaho architecture of this growing young place. When the road was being built, Sand

Point numbered eight thousand population. One hundred, would probably be the number now if a census were taken, but if the dogs were counted in, I think it would reach its old figure. The depot is a very pretty one built in Swiss style; the rest of the town is built of native woods, plain finish;



Here is Sand Point!

The architecture is fine in places, and picturesque in grouping, but not often. I never saw so many dogs as Sand Point owns, a fight was in progress soon after the train left. A big stubby tailed wooly dog, which would look like a poodle if he should happen to grow up to the size of a newfoundland had been boss of the town for a few days, and the other dogs, probably to take the conceit out of him, had made a united onslaught, and such a

DOG FIGHT!

There were setters and pointers, mastiffs and bulls, sledge dogs, Indian curs and Chinese dogs, spaniels, and then the crosses of all these, about fifty in all. I thought every person in town would be out to see it, but no! I, and an old Kootenai squaw, who owned a dog somewhere in the heap, were all the audience; this thing happen-

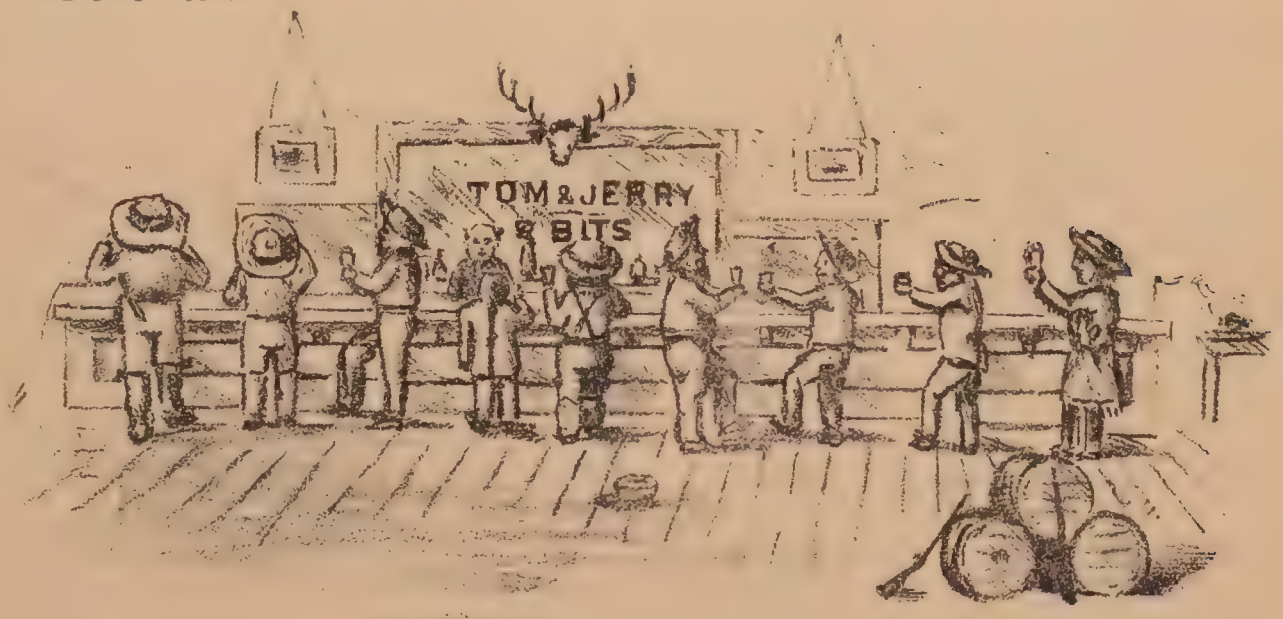
ed several times a day, and caused no uneasiness.

Sand Point has no streets. The railroad divides the town, and there is great rivalry between the "North Siders" and the "South Siders." The eating house is on the north side, and the sleeping room on the south. If you should wake up in the night and be very thirsty, which often happens in Sand Point, unless you pulled on your pants, you would have to walk clear across "Idaho avenue," bare legged, to reach the water bucket in the kitchen. ~~I refer only to gentlemen.~~

I had a white shirt on, and couldn't seem to get acquainted somehow. I went back to the depot disgusted. I felt lonesome and tired, and asked the operator where I could get something to eat, and where I could put my traps. He very kindly said I could camp out in the freight room until I found something better. As soon as I got in there I opened my trunk and "dressed up." I put on my buckskin suit, and cartridge belt, my moccasins and a large felt hat. I fired the white shirt back into the trunk. In the meantime hearing some noise out in the operator's room, I looked out and there were half a dozen of the best citizens glancing toward my room and whispering to the station agent. There was "Peace River Bill," "Alaska," "Stage Line Jim," "Idaho Bob,"

"Royal Mail", "Dirty Dick", "Kootenai Tom","Sam Wing", the cook, and some others whose names I did not afterward learn. I thought to myself that perhaps I resembled some man that was "wanted" thereabouts, so to complete my toilet I strapped on a six-shooter, and carelessly stepped out as if I had always belonged there. Without any preliminaries, I said:

"Gentlemen, we'll adjourn to the "Miners' Resort:" at my expense". That settled it, what doubts were held had now disappeared. After the



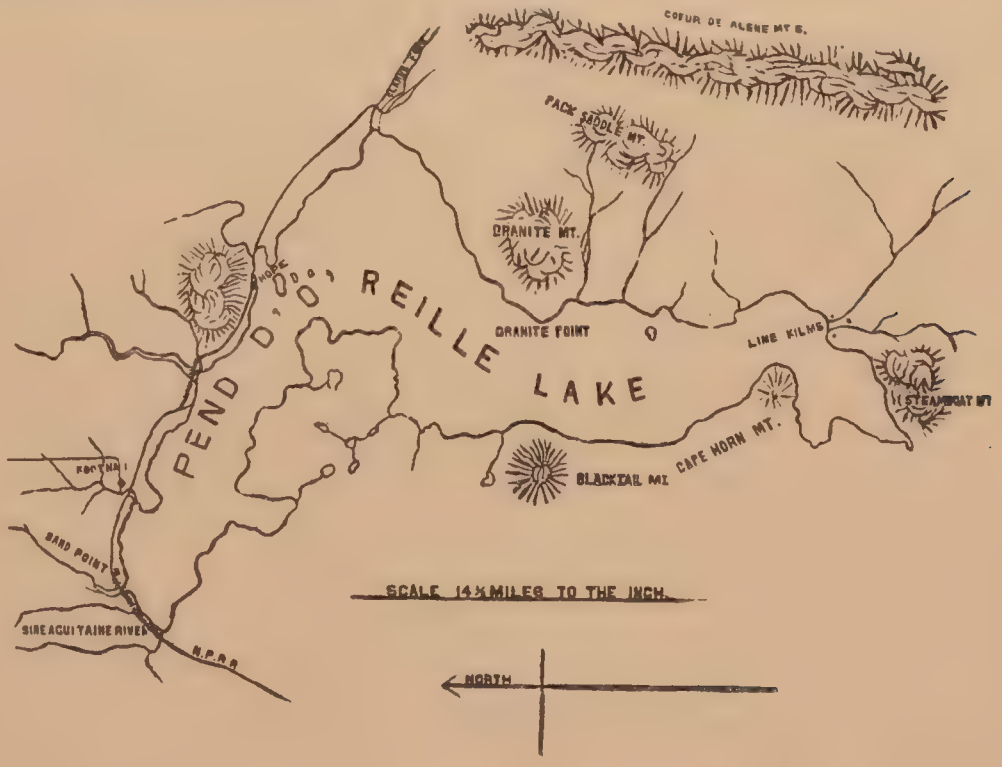
"Irrigation",

(nothing can be done in this country, except by irrigating), I told them that "I was out from Chicago on a hunt" and knowing there were hunters and guides in the room by the rifles lying around loose, was soon feeling at home. I told them my name, Daly, when

one fellow said: "That's all right, what was your name in the States?" I came to the conclusion from the stories I heard that evening that it was unsafe for me to go out alone in these woods, the bear were so thick; to say nothing of caribou, moose, black and white tail deer, mountain lion, and any amount of small game: if the stories were all true, this must be a hunter's Eldorado. A local hunter walked in shortly with a saddle of venison, and a string of mallards and canvas-back a yard long, he reported to have seen two other deer that day, across the river and a bear, but that he had no intention of loading a bear with buckshot at long range, and then be chased all the way home. When I was shown a dozen or more green bear skins, and an Indian went by with an elegant buck's head and antlers, killed that day, I was feverish to get at them. I was cautioned by the oldest hunter in the party to let the bears alone. He said: "Look' yere, tenderfoot, you'v got all the fixens fur a bar hunt, but that aint bar huntin. Agin the time you've emptied that air miterluse(mitrailleuse)inter him, and then slung the gun, an' clum a tree, an' the bear as likely as ever, you'll think, when you've been thar half a day or more, that bar huntin aint so funny. I'm given you my 'sperience, that's all pardner." Before I went to bed that night (on the depot floor) I had the best boat on the lake

engaged. It was a government sail boat, and as sailing mate, a young Californian. I had already recovered from my lonesomness and had found in town two old Chicago friends, behind the thick beards and flannel shirts. When I learned the ropes I slept in the best bed in town, had the best of meals, canvas back, venison, brook trout, for twenty-five cents a meal, and the bed thrown in.

We loaded our camp outfit in the boat in the creek the next day, under the bridge, and after dinner poled out into the lake where we found a good breeze. I must anticipate a little by giving a map of the lake as it is



Lake Pend d'Oreille

(Pon der ay)

Five hundred yards out in the lake from the mouth of Sand Point creek, the wind changed its mind and blew no longer, and then the smoke took a turn at it and settled around us. We knew we were near shore somewhere, but it couldn't be seen: it looked as if we were adrift on the seas. We let down the sail and took out the sweepers. The oars were made for a log raft on Clark's fork, and drifted ashore near Sand Point, at least I thought so. I let the other fellow row and I took out my compass and did the steering. My friend had rowed often before, but had done no steering worth speaking about. I did my best to impress on him the muscular labor there was in handling a tiller. Every one said the fishing was elegant. A man may be relied upon with safety until he gets to telling fish stories, and then, no matter how good a reputation he has for honesty and truthfullness, he is doubted. I had heard of "chars", "salmon trout", "snubs" and "silver sides". That was all new fish talk to me, but I let my line out and for an hour was sitting very quiet, holding the compass E. by south, when a sharp and well meant pull at my line, kept up at intervals, and which sent the blood tingling to my fingers ends and bent my rod nearly double. I forgot compass. boat, and everything else except that fish. It was the first bite I had and I was waiting with ex-

pectancy for him to show himself, nor was I disappointed, for suddenly he threw his whole body out of the water fifty yards behind me, but to no purpose. I reeled and let go half a dozen times, and finally had him close enough to gaff, and over the side of the boat he came, with just strength enough to raise his big tail occasionally, and let it fall heavily on the bottom of the boat. We weighed him by guessing, most fish are weighed this way, and I said at once: "He'll go thirteen pounds, easy!"

The fellow at the oars said "Oh H!---l!!" in a kind of offhand way, and that's all he said. I didn't know him very well, but I supposed he said that to corroborate the number of pounds he weighed. It was a salmon trout, a great big speckled fellow, I rubbed his sides and felt of his teeth, he was four years old, and was as tickled as I was when a boy catching bull heads. The fellow at the oars had taken the compass, and would look at it awhile and then take two or three strokes--stop--then pull like mad on one oar--look at the needle again--stop suddenly and dip the other oar in. I thought he was amusing himself, so let him go while I patted the big trout awhile. Finally I offered to take the oars, which he accepted and we changed seats, he keeping the compass and the rudder going while I pulled. I felt pretty good about that fish and

pulled like a smelter chimney; I saw the other fellow was very studiously keeping the needle pointed all right, so I kept up the ash breeze, sung and whistled, and got sweatty. I thought we ought to land soon, so said: "Jim, aint we pretty near there?" He replied

"Damfino!"

I said, "Why, don't you know where Bottle Bay is?"

He looked at the compass a while longer, and said: "I've been keepin that pin pointed in one direction all the time but we don't seem to be getten thar."

I leaned over and looked at the compass, and if the needle wasn't pointed W. by Nth!! Exactly turned round: I said some things revelent to the situation, but irrevelent from a Presbyterian stand point. When I was in a better frame of mind I said calmly:

"Jim! did you ever <u>see</u>-a-compass-before?"

"Ye-es!"

"Well, do you know how it works?"

"Why you keep the <u>pin</u> pointed one way, don't you?"

"Yes; but which end of the pin?"

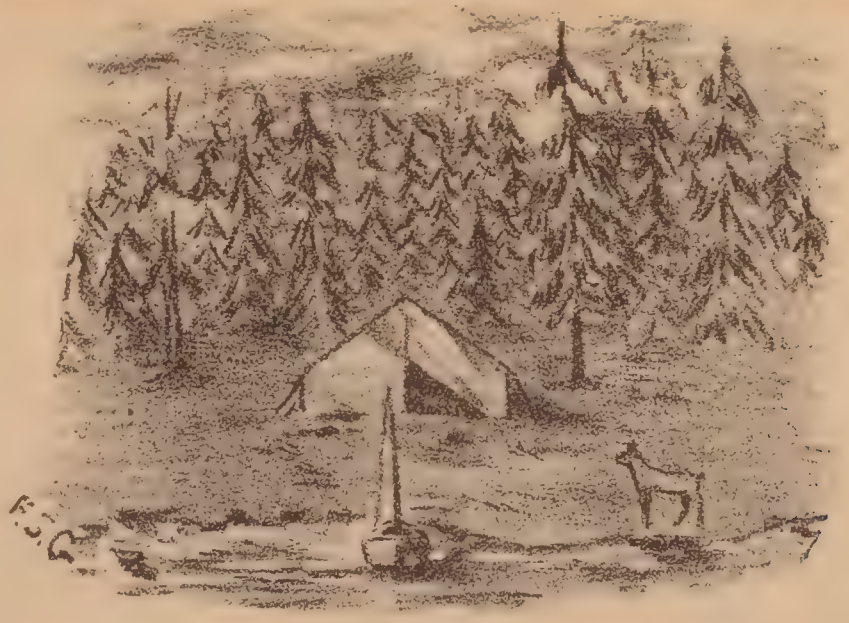
"That don't make any difference, does it? Aint one end just as good as another?"

I labored with Jim some time--with a tiller handle, before I could get him to understand. He again took the oars and I did the rest of the steering. We landed on the west side of Bottle Bay, and getting our tent up just at dark and moved in when it began to rain. It had not rained for two months, and it certainly made up for lost time. We were glad of it, as it would lay the smoke and put out the forest fires. We went to sleep early. Jim had a bad cold and did not improve matters any by gathering wood for the camp fire, and getting wet. I gave him some "Idaho tonic", with hot water and a little lemon, and he was soon sound asleep. I woke up suddenly some time before daylight, hearing a noise on the gravel near the water. The rain had stopped, and the moon was dimly shining; within twenty yards of us stood a doe, looking curiously at the tent. I raised up on one knee, taking the rifle up noislessly, and guessing at the sights pulled the trigger. The report of the gun awakened Jim, and so filled the tent with smoke that we couldn't see until we got outside. I took my knife and went down to bleed the deer, Jim following, yawning and mad. The doe wasn't there. It was almost too dark to see any blood stains, but I was positive I hadn't missed her.

Jim was mad; he said: "You've had deer and bucks and bears

talked to you so much lately, that you dreamed you saw one, and blazed away. I'll bet you put a hole in the boat."

I didn't say anything: I had shot, that was certain. I didn't get the deer, because if I had, it would have been there. Jim



went back to bed and went to sleep again; I sat up until daylight. As soon as it was light enough to see plainly I dressed, and taking my rifle went out and found blood where I had seen the deer, and tracing it along the shore and around the bend, up a little ravine, found her beside a log, dead and warm. I thought to myself, "now I'll <u>fool</u> Jim." I picked out a good tree some distance off and banged away at it, then strapped my gun, and dragged the deer back over the trail I had followed, until I reached camp. I then dropped the deer on the blood stains made in the night. I went to the tent and called Jim; he was awake and had heard my shot. I

told him to get up and get the fire going, that I had a nice doe, had shot her back in the ravine by the spring.

He said: "You hit her this time, didn't you?"

I said, "You bet! I hit them every time."

"Well you don't count the one out here then, last night, do you?

"What one out here last night? What are you talking about? Wake up, Jim! wake up!! Let's be getting breakfast."

Jim began to look at me in a half doubtful way, thinking I was in fun. "Why I mean when you shot out of the tent last night, an' we came out here, an' you had missed it; you said it was a deer and I told you you had been shooting at the boat."

I looked at Jim in astonishment. "What in the name of common sense are you talking about, Jim? Me shoot out of the tent last night? Why, you're crazy! Why I never woke up until half an hour ago! I wasn't shooting last night. Say, Jim, aint you feeling well this morning? I guess you took too much tonic last night." I looked at him a moment, and then commenced cleaning the deer, while he ambled off muttering:

"Well! if that don't beat---I must have been dreaming myself!

I had the deer cleaned in a short time, and we sat down to a glorious breakfast of trout and venison, but Jim was quiet. He

thinks he was dreaming that night, yet, or that I am unpardonable liar, I don't know which.

Chapter 5.

Soon after breakfast it commenced raining again, and it rained more or less continously all day. We went out in the forenoon on an exploring trip, and I succeeded in getting my buckskin suit soaking wet. My friends had prophisied when I ordered it that a buckskin suit was worthless after it had been rained on: that it would get stiff, shrink, and be generally valueless. We reached camp at two o'clock and built a good fire. I hung up my shirt and pants to dry protected from the rain. I was quite pleased at bedtime to find that they were nearly dry. Next morning I put them on again and found they were as soft as a glove. This suit was made of summer killed deer skin; buck for the pants and coat,

and doe skin for the shirt, they were dressed by the Winnebago's of northern Wisconsin; I had them made up, and throughout this whole trip, although worn continously, found them warm and soft, making no noise in trailing through the woods and brush, in fact the ideal suit for a hunt.

The third day I found that Jim's cold was as bad as ever and that he had some fever. I fixed him up with tea and drugs, and as he desired to remain in camp, I took the boat and started for the head of Bottle Bay. The water at the head of the bay is filled with weeds and grass growing on the bottom of the lake, which makes it very hard for a boat to get through. I poled through at last and took the trail up the little creek which empties here, to Huntington lake, which I had heard was a short distance inland. It is a good two miles walk, and a tiresome one. There I saw the first bear sign, a little old, so I did not feel so skittish as I would had it been new. I found the lake at last, and a beautiful little sheet of water it was, nearly a mile long, and oval in shape, and its banks densly wooded. I saw a deer in the water on the opposite shore, six or eight hundred yards away. I settled in a good easy position to shoot, when he walked under an overhanging hemlock tree and was gone. It was just as well, we had venison

in the camp, and I don't think I would have been able to carry him home anyhow! This would be a capital spot to camp, and from the number of trout rising there would be fine fishing. I started for camp again, and had probably walked half way back to the boat when I heard, some two hundred yards behind me, a long, prolonged whine, howl and screech. It sounded like a forty horsepower cat meow! My hair pushed my hat off. I could hear my heart thump like a trip hammer. I never heard that noise before, and never want to again. It was awful. I did not wait to see what was coming, but got along that trail lively. When I was emerging through the bushes that skirt the shore of Bottle Bay, I heard it again, much nearer. I did not breathe free until I was in the boat, and was well out into the water. Whatever-it-was then went up the mountain on the right, where I could hear it cry for some minutes, 'till the sound was lost over the mountain. It was late in the afternoon when I reached camp. I found Jim some better, and while eating dinner described the thing that had been following me.

Jim laughed, and said: "You might well git skeered, that were a lion; they'r thick 'round here. It aint probable he would attack you, as they are cowards, but when he struck you'r trail he

probably thought it was a yearling that had got loose somewhere."

I was tired enough to remain in camp the rest of the day, and go to bed early. When I went to the spring the next morning I found tracks large and round, which Jim said were a lion's, attracted to the camp by the venison. It rained this day again quite hard, keeping us indoors. About noon we had a caller. We were sitting smoking in the tent, when we discovered a birch canoe containing an Indian, coming around the bend and land on the beach near our boat. The Indian was tall, well made, dressed in a flannel shirt and deer skin leggins, bare headed and bare footed. It was

Moushelle, the chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, whose wick-i-up we had

noticed back on the point. Moushelle has a reputation of hogesty sobriety and fair dealing, and he discountenances all the bad tricks of his tribe. He is a man of some wealth in land and horses. He stopped half way up the beach, when we went out and invited him in. Jim could talk Pend d'Oreille, and I knew a little Chinook, so we got along very pleasantly. I supposed Moushelle was hungry although he wouldn't ask for anything to eat, and by way of compliment we took out the tonic bottle and passed it to him, but he set it down without tasting it. I next passed him a piece of venison and he laid <u>that</u> down; Jim, who was out by the fire attending to the coffee, came in and seeing my attempt at hospitality, said in English to me: "Moushelle is on the etiquette, big!" <u>You</u> take a taste of every thing first, before passing it to him, and then he'll go ahead."

When I had done so, Moushelle all the time looking out impassively over the water, took hold and ate as if he had been without food the whole day. We had a package of Swiss cheese in tin foil which I knew must be a new dish to the Indian, so I cut off a good slice and taking a mouthful of it myself, passed it to his highness. He took a bite, eyed it for a minute, then laid it down on the ground

He asked Jim what we had the "tl'kope chick-a min"(silver)

wrapped around it for. Jim told him to keep it from spoiling. He eyed it rather furtively, and said, "Chah-co cultus" (it spoils now). "Ocoke peu-peu mumm! (it smells). He wouldn't touch it again. He told us where we could find "Steya" (moose) plenty. He said they were away a two days walk for his second boy, a lad about twelve years old, which we judged was probably twenty to twenty-five miles; it was back and west of Hope mountain. He said he couldn't go himself as he had to dig potatoes, but his brothers Alex and Tom would pack and guide. I made arrangements to meet them at Ellisport in ten days. When I reached Sand Point again, in a few days, my friends said there were moose where Moushelle had said, and if I got him to go along it would be all right, but not to trust myself with Alex or Tom, as they were <u>bad ingine</u>. So I countermanded the order. Moushelle visited for probably an hour, and when he went home we gave him his arms full of venison crackers, oatmeal, and he invited us to call and see him.

He had been gone probably an hour, when Jim said: "We must go and see Moushelle and his family." I thought it was a little early, but being assured it was all right, donned all my war gear and started. Jim called, when a hundred yards from his wigwam. This custom arises from the fact that their friends make known

their coming, while enemies advance stealthily. Moushelle was expecting us. The flap of the tent raised and out came the chief followed by his two squaws, five children, five dogs, and two very old Indians, who were Moushelle's mother and uncle, and ranged themselves in line along the beach, awaiting our arrival. Moushelle shook hands and "How'd" as if it had been months since we last met. His boats, made of white pine bark were drawn up along the shore: they were a different pattern from anything I had seen before, and were of this shape:

They are paddled with a short blade dipped three times quickly on one side, raised out of the water and dipped three strokes on the other, and so on, giving the boat a zigzag course, but moves fast. The squaws and younger children were dressed in deer skin, with bright red and yellow shawls and blankets; the oldest son, a young man about sixteen or eighteen, was naked except a breech-clout, his body streaked with vermillion and ochre: he was tall, very straight and formed like an Apollo, his features regular; the muscles stood out under his glossy oiled skin which resembled polished copper; his teeth were beautiful, white and sharp, and his head was covered

with long black hair that hung around his shoulders. I admired him as I would a fine horse, and unconsciously caught his arm to feel his muscles, which he did not understand and which he at once resented. Jim explained to him, telling him I thought he was a very big chief; and then he strutted around before me like a peacock. The chief himself was dressed as before with the exception of a head-dress made from the skin of a pony's tail, the hair of which was cut short and stood out straight all around; he had also an eagle feather fastened to it, which drooped over his long hair

After the first review the squaws, dogs, children and old people, went into the tent: we were now requested to follow, and did so, the wigwam being large enough to accomodate us all. The squaws were preparing a meal. The bread was placed in a long handled frying pan, held vertically to the fire first on one side and then on the other. Venison cuts stuck on pointed sticks were held in the blaze by another squaw, who at the same time held a cunning little bronze colored baby on her back, in a pack made of a shawl, and secured by a piece of deer thong. The baby held a piece of bone in its chubby hands, which it was sucking. It appeared as happy and contented as if it was wrapped in swans down in some handsome house, instead of in a Kalispel tent gaping open

in some handsome house, instead of in a Kalispel tent gaping open at the top, through which the drizzling rain was falling. I was given the place of honor. We had for dinner, soup, fresh bread, and venison. At the close of the meal Moushelle passed the pipe around, which went from one mouth to another. My buckskin suit and moccasins formed an endless subject of conversation. They were anxious to know who made them, and where the leather came from. The moccasins especially were a great curiosity, and when I told them they were made by the Winnebagoes they had no idea who they were or where they lived. When we left Moushelle that evening, just as night was closing in, he standing in front of his tent, with his eldest son beside him, the blue smoke curling up from the wig-

wam in front of the dark background of hemlocks and pine, the clouds suddenly lifted, and the sun, anxious to take one more look before he settled down behind the mountains, lit up the beautiful island with a touch of gold, gilding the tent, canoes, and forms of the mo-

tionless Indians, which made the scene look fantastic, beautiful and grand. When far out on the water we heard him call "Good b-ye"

Early next morning we looked across the bay, and Moushelle, his dogs, canoes and tent had vanished, leaving only a smouldering fire to marke its sight.

We moved up the lake a little farther the same day, to Indian Bay, and camped at the mouth of Indian creek, which empties

Gray's Lake

Another beautiful mirror of water, back a mile, nestled among the mountains. When opposite Pack River trestle our attention was called to the overland train crossing it, nearly five miles away, and commenting on the clearness of the atmosphere, when Jim touched my shoulder and pointed toward the shore. There stood, three hundred yards away, a herd of four deer, looking intently at us. Our guns were in their cases and under a pile of blankets. We dropped our oars and scrambled for the guns: when we did get them the deer were on the move, and three or four bullets only accelerated

their movements. We went into camp about four o'clock, and were from that time until dark erecting our tent, stowing our goods away and getting supper. A couple of canvas backs killed on the way up, made an excellent broth and roast. A poor shot of mine early the next morning caused us to breakfast on the old venison we brought up from Bottle Bay, when, if I had used due caution, a nice young buck would have been hanging near camp. It had rained during the night, again, and after breakfast we took the trail up through the swamp, and along the creek to Gray's lake. Bear signs were thick, fresh and plenty. We reached the lake and made a raft of logs and had a bountiful supper of trout, in an hour's fishing. Jim had been complaining some during the morning; I now found he had a high fever. We were off for camp at once and for two days I did not feel like leaving him. Getting no better, the third morning I loaded the boat with all our supplies, blankets, etc., and bundled Jim in, to go home, thinking I would have to row the whole distance myself, seventeen miles. When we rounded the point to the north a light breeze sprang up directly astern, which carried us home without changing the sail. On nearing the bridge I noticed a tall man standing smiling. It Was John.

He had arrived a day sooner than expected. My guide being sick and my close attendance upon him had made me a little lonesome and

blue: I was doubly welcome to see John; every one was well at home. He handed me a letter from my wife, among other things, she said:

Yesterday a letter came from Mr. Horton yesterday addressed to you - saying that he was coming east on a trip for his health towards the latter part of September, and would bring Grace with him,

and he would accept our hospitality for a few weeks. I have written him that you were in Idaho, and that you would notify him where you were, and that you could all come home together— I think that is what made the Dr want to go hunting with you! Ain't he sly?— He says he must get away somewhere— he is <u>overworked</u>— I told him when he called the other day "Why Doctor, I never heard you were a hunter"! He blushed and said "Oh yes"! I am very fond of it." I send this letter by him— (Dont you let him see it) Now dont let those ugly old bears hurt you— and dont stay too long.

Your affectionate

Wife—

John was anxious to go on to the coast, but after I had read to him the part of the above letter referring to Mr. Horton and Grace going home with us, he was quite agreeable to staying where we were. We were several days at Sand Point waiting for pleasant weather, and making a party to go down the lake. We at last got "Idaho Bob" and "Peace River Bill" to go, and on the second morning after John's arrival we started. With a fair wind we made Garfield Bay by night; the weather was mild and warm and

the atmosphere clear. The scenery on the lower arm is most beautiful. Large, high precipitous banks of granite and sandstonne, reaching up to a dizzy height, crowned on the top with high trees: At the head of Garfield bay is a small creek which leads up to a chain of four lakes, all about the same size as Gray's lake, and are noted for their trout, while around their banks bear and deer signs are numerous. We reached this place about four o'clock in the afternoon, and were rowing along very demurely, intending to camp at the foot of Black-tail mountain, which we could see directly ahead of us raising its huge top to a height of 6100 feet, when a lot of loose earth and stones came rolling down the side of the mountain, and on looking up, saw a large cinnamon bear away up on the side of the mountain, looking intently at us. We stopped rowing, but he began to edge off quietly, and disappeared behind a large rock. We went to shore at once, and tying up the boat landed, and Bill and myself took one side of the mountain, and John and "Idaho" took the other, agreeing to meet at a large rock, back, and on the other side. We started at once, but it was worse traveling than it looked, through fallen timber and thick undergrowth We were soon on his trail, and could smell him plainly; we were on the alert all the time, with rifles cocked, but failed to get a glimpse of him. It was just getting dusk when we met as agreed.

The rock, a very large one nearly fifty feet high, stood at the head of a ravine in a tangle of brush and undergrowth so heavy that it was almost impossible to get through, much less see. We had just decided to go back and camp, when a sudden breaking of limbs and crashing of the brush to the left of the rock, set us all on the qui vive. It was of short duration, however, and was all over before we realized that his bearship had been sitting within twenty yards of us, watching, and when we made a move to go home, he thought he would leave, too. There was a pine tree standing in close proximity, into which another had fallen, and turning around we saw "Peace River" straddle of it, up twenty feet from the ground.

Some one called out, "What are you doing there, Bill?" At which he said nothing but commenced sliding down. When he reach

ed the bottom, he said: "It's gittin most too dark to hunt, anyhow fur cinnamons." The fact was Bill had climbed the tree to get out of the way, but he said:

"I couldn't see down there in the brush, an' I kinder thought I might git a shot as he went over the ridge."

Bill had left his rifle leaning against the tree. We didn't know Bill well enough then to push the matter any further. We reached the beach in due time: It was late before we had supper and were ready for bed. But bed, was what bothered us; we could not sleep on the beach, which was covered with granite boulders, but found a little to the south an old batteaux which had gone over Thompson's Falls the winter before, carrying with it several miners with their pack mules, bound for Eagle City, Coeur d'Alene, who were drowned. We drove down the spikes that were sticking through the bottom in various places, and with robes and blankets were soon quiet and ready for sleep.

I had fallen into a doze, when I was awaked by "Idaho Bob" saying "This reminds me of the night the ole grizzly woke me up."

Bob's stories were always good, so we asked him to proceed. He said:

"Idaho Bob"s" Story.

I had bin tryin to make a stake down amongst the greasers in

ole Mexico,an did strike it some,and was comin' back,headed fur Virginny City. I had a pretty tol'able good mule I was ridin an mules them days was mules. I was offered six hundred fur him by a ole rooster down there,but I toll him I couldn't sabe it that way. I was holdin him at nine,and was just fool enough to refuse his offer. But I wanted to git back in God's country onct more,an knew I had the machinery to git thar. I left town that afternoon,an' camped that night,but when I got up nex' mornin I'll be ---if my mule wasn't gone. The greasers nad followed me an' set me afoot. Well,I didn't go back; wasn't no use,an' I straggled along that day luggin my dust,thankin my stars they hadn't got that,too. 'Long about sundown I see a dust ahead on the trail an when I got up on the hill ahead of me I looked down an see a greaser,ridin' a comfortable lookin' American horse,comin up.

Well! thinks I to myself,greasers don't buy American horses they don't have the money,an' I guess that snoozer has stole that anamile,an' bein' an American myself,an' goin back where the hoss come from,to do a good turn for a pardner who has lost his cayuse, I'll just request that Spaniard to git down,an' let me take the horse home. So I steps behind a ledge,and as the greaser came gallopin' over the hill I hilt up my old sharp,kind o' keerless like,an' says,"Looky heer,greaser,git offn that mare." He drop-

ped off as easy as if this was his waterin' place, an' made a reach fur his gun, but I seed him, an' had the drop too quick. Now, I says, "you hole up your hands an' git over the hill, an' don't turn around or else you'll drop." He started with his hands up, an' the last I seed of him he was still goin' with his hands up high. I guess he's got them down by this time. I got on the hoss, and she was a likely nice mare, but she had been ridden hard and a long ways, so I took it easy like, an' bein' afeerd of the greasers comin' back took a side path offn the trail an' up into the mountain. I staked the mare good, an' got some tea and bacon fur supper, an' laid down an' went to sleep under a tree, somethin' like this one overhead. Half the night was gone, mebbe, when I woke up thinkin' the half of my head was knocked off; ther' was a grizzly standin'

right over me, with his head on one side, lookin' sort of quizzical am' funny like at me, an' then he put his paw on my head an' turned me 'round to git a squar look at me, an' then he laughed."

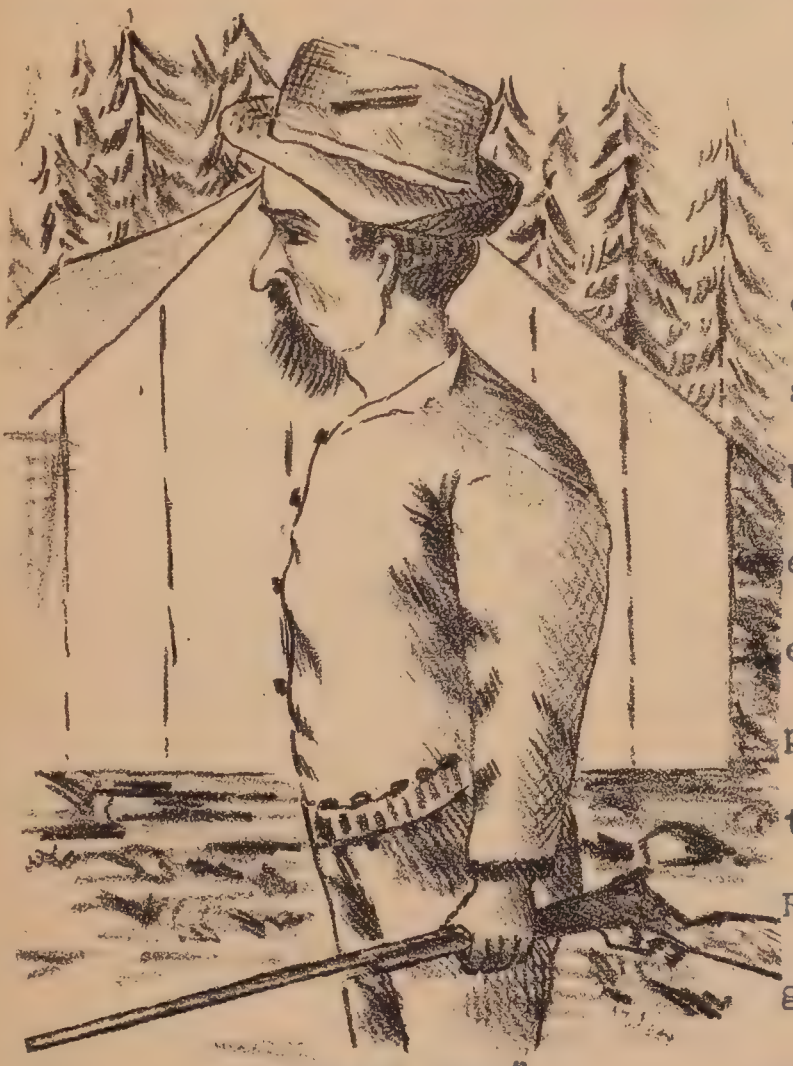
"What; the bear laughed?"

"Yes: fur a fact, if he didn't. He kinder seemed to recognize in me an old pardner of hisn, I s'pose, an sit back thar an grinned. Well then I laughed too, I couldn't help it, I laughed an he laughed; then he looked 'round a little, as much as to say, aint you got sumpthin to eat? An I pointed to where the grub was cashed, an' he went over thar. I got up lively, you bet, an' shinned up that tree. The mare was snortin' an' pullin' at her rope, but that ole cuss paid no 'tention to her, but filled himself by eatin all my grub up an' then he came back, an' lookin' up the tree as much as to say "so long, pardner", he ambled inter the woods. I stayed thar till mornin', an' then I come down an' washed my face, which was bloody. In the mornin' I'll show you the scar on my chin where he first put his foot on my head to turn me over.

Early next morning we took a direct course across the lake in quite a rough sea, and landed a few miles north of Granite point, where we bailed out the boat, and then headed south along the shore until we reached Granite point. This point is an abrupt ending

of Granite mountain(5300) feet at the lake. This cliff is a solid rock of granite which rises straight out of the water without a break, to the height of 724 feet. The lake has been sounded at its base, and the line runs out one hundred fathoms, and at one hundred yards from its base the line runs out three hundred fathoms and no bottom. We all guessed the height of the rock when approaching it, and I allowed two hundred feet. Dr. doubled it; we were surprised at hearing the height mentioned, but were led to think so when Idaho Bob said the little pine we saw growing near the edge on the summit, was a foot and a half in diameter. After leaving Granite point we went ashore at the mouth of Granite creek and as this was to be a permanent camp for some time, we put up our tent and moved in. About sundown, as John was going to the creek for a bucket of water, he shot a young buck, so conveniently near camp that we had him strung up and dressed in half an hour from the time he shot him; with several large trout caught while rounding Granite point, we had a supper worth sitting down to. Granite creek is a beautiful mountain stream, rising six or eight miles back in Pack-Saddle mountain. The mountain takes its name from its shape, and raises its snow capped points to a height of 5900 feet. Every evening at precisely sun down it sends its breezes down the gorges of Granite, Cedar and Gold creek canyons. Granite creek

canyon is noted for its bears, not black ones, but a species of grizzley, called the "silver tip. The bear is large, powerful, wit long hair black at the roots and turning gray at the ends. The second day we got a doe, but no bear. "Idaho" started out late in the afternoon to try a new patch for bear, and when he returned at eight oclock in the evening and reported to have seen a silver tip back in the big elderberry patch, we were al excitement, and the rest of the evening, until late at night, was passed very pleasantly in listening to more bear stories by Bob and Bill, while us two "pilgrims" as they called us, smoked and listened, with our feet to the high blazing camp fire. An early breakfast next morning, and after that a careful oiling of the guns and working the amunition through the repeaters we started for the patch, which was a long, tiresome walk of six miles, up and through Gold creek canyon, and over a spur of granite mountain. On nearing the ground "Idaho"



"Idaho Bob"

was first, myself next, Doctor third, and Peace River last. Suddenly Idaho stopped, and raised his hand as a signal of silence. We stopped and looked ahead about eighty yards and around a point of rock, so that he could not be seen by those behind us sitting on his haunches and reaching up with his enormous paws to bring the elderberry bunches down to his mouth, was a bear as big as a brick school house. I wished I was home. It was hardly a minute before we were all in range, and were looking down our rifle barrels at his shaggy gray skin. He turned his head and saw us, when Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! Bang!!!! went the rifles in quick succession and in the order in which we were standing. He dropped on his fore feet, raised again, and sent out a snort loud enough to wake the dead, and came ambling straight for us. If he had been a freight locomotive, or even a runaway horse, we could have in time stepped off the track, but this fellow was in the race and had the pole. After the first fire "Idaho" and "Peace River" stepped to one side and said, "Go ahead." I thought they should have in mind the little verse, "Bear ye one anothers burdens," but they had mislaid it, perhaps. My 50 calibre was then limbered up, and as he came on I fired twice, and when within thirty feet, he again raised up as game as ever, and with the blood streaming from him in a number of places, gave another ferocious snort. He drop-

ped again, and stopped.

"Now is our time, John!"

I said to the Dr., who was standing beside me, with his Sharpe, and who had been witholding his single ball for close work. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when we fired. This settled him. John's ball had struck in the right of his mouth and up into the brain, and mine had gone in at the neck breaking the spinal cord. When it was all over, the reaction from the nervous tension came. We were all pale, even "Idaho" who was old at the business. I was weak in the knees, in my wrists, and my throat was dry. It was not until I awoke in the camp the next morning that I felt perfectly well again. As we awoke "Peace River" stuck his head under the tent flap, with the morning refreshments in his hand, and said: "Boys! Shall we try the bears agin to-day?" No. We had enough, and during our further stay in the lake we could not be dragged into an elderberry patch We learned since of a hunter, alone, who was killed

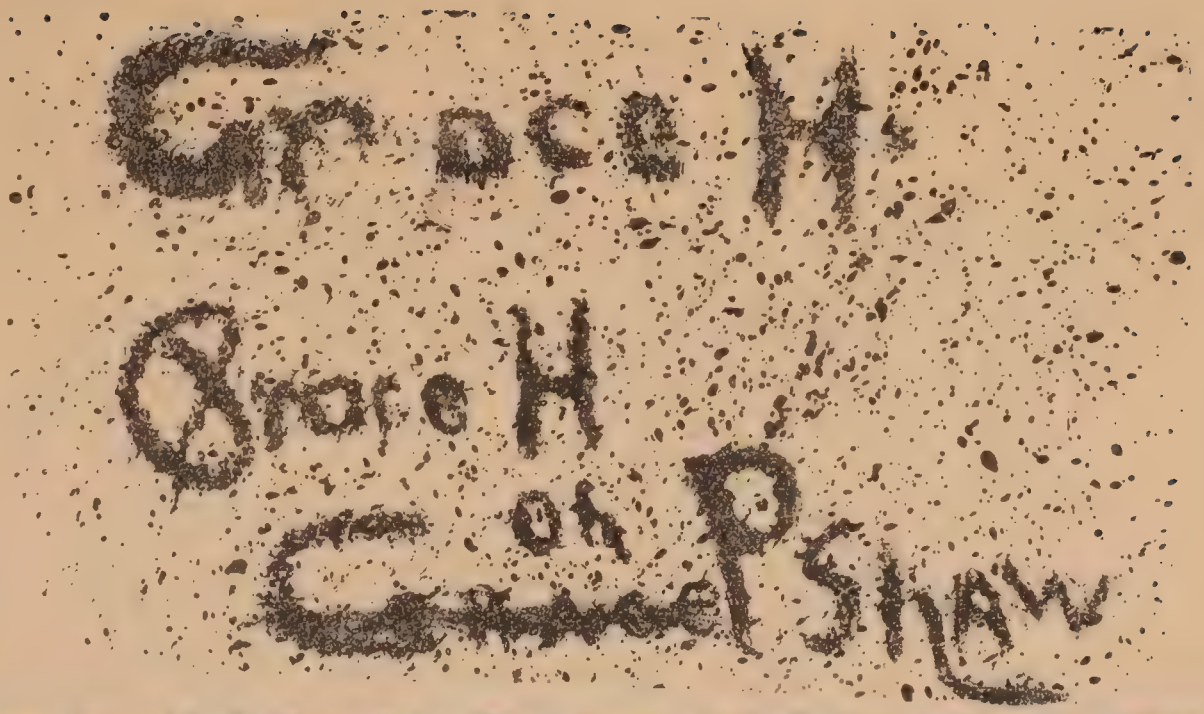
by a silver tip a few weeks previous to this, 20 miles south of where we camped, on the St. Joe river.

We guessed this bear to weigh 800 pounds but as they weigh from twelve to fifteen hundred we knew we had only shot a medium one. He was large enough. When he came toward us I thought he would weigh <u>two tons</u> "Idaho" while prospecting the spring previous, came upon five of these bear within a radius of forty yards at the same patch, but got away without being seen We fired at this fellow eight times in all, and found seven wounds, so he was hit severely at the first fire. But he did not seem to mind it any more than if we had been punching him with sticks

"Peace River Bill,"

Chapter 6.

Our larder was supplied with venison and bear steaks at Granite Creek, and we caught a profusion of salmon trout around Granite point. We caught chubs, a stub nosed fish, at the mouth of Granite creek, and occasionally shot canvas backs flying over, and blue grouse back in the creek. At night we would adjourn to the log cabin near the tent and the banjo would ring out a new sound for these woods. "Idaho" and "Bill" were capital story tellers and as they had covered the whole west, from Old Mexico to the Fraser River, in their wanderings, and had been through most of the "excitements" of the various mining regions, their experiences were racy and interesting. The Doctor, while he seemed to enjoy himself most thoroughly, was absent minded at times. One day I happened to glance down at the beach and saw him seated near the water, poking around in the sand. I gave the matter no consideration, but happening to go down near the boat, toward evening, noticed that he had been writing with a stick, and as far as he could reach was written out in all sorts of ways the word



"Poor John!" I thought, "he does wish, I know, that we were through with the trip and were going home, just so he could be in her presence again." That night he was in quite a talkative mood and in high spirits; but after "Idaho" and "Bill" had gone to bed we sat for quite a while smoking and silent. I was thinking of getting up early next morning and moving our camp up the lake, and thinking of what it would look like up there, wondering if we would find as good fishing and hunting, and I thought I would propose to the boys that we go back to, or behind Pack Saddle, for brook trout. My mind was wandering hither and thither, just as one train of thought leads unconsciously to something else, when John suddenly said: "Jim, how did you propose? That is---what---"

"Oh!" I said, "I was just thinking that when we got to Gold Creek, I would propose to the boys to go back to Packsaddle,

and---"

"I don't care a continental for Packsaddles$ I mean---what--how did you propose to your wife---that is---you've got to ask a woman,if you want to get married,to be your wife,aint you?"

"Yes."

"Well,how did you do it? What did you say?"

"Oh!" I replied,knowing that John's mind was in another place and laughingly said: "Why,we were out riding one evening,and I causually mentioned that I had eaten something for supper that did not agree with me,and said that boarding house cooking as a general rule was poor,and so on,and then I said,"I am looking now for a nice little cook,and somebody to sit across the table and pour out the tea." "And that was all there was of it.

Doctor said: "Well,what did Mrs.Daly say,when you said that? That you said didn't settle it."

"Well,she looked up a little mad,and said: 'I am not looking for a situation as cook.' But,I replied,how about pouring out the tea?" Then she looked down and blushed a little,and whispered,'I-think-I-could-pour-out-the-tea.' "That settled it,anyhow."

Doctor mused awhile,and said: "There wasn't much rommce to that." "No," I replied, "My wife has often said if she had this part of the courtship to go over again she would have boxed my ears for

such a proposal. You know, John, the girls like to have a lover get pale, and write them poetry, and send them flowers, and all such nonsense. Now I never did it, and don't you. The first flowers I ever bought for my wife was when my little Jim was born; I went to the florists and ordered a basket of flowers that a prima donna would rave over, and took then home, and set them on a stand near the bed. Do you know that Christine talks about that yet? A man must do his lovemaking, John, like any other business transaction They always appreciate you more for it. Did you ever read a story where the lover did not lay awake nights? or go around under his lady love's window and warble, and get sad and bilious? and pour out his affections in letters and valentines, like a leaking milk pan? If ever I should happen to write a story, I'll have the hero make some such proposal as mine."

Jim smiled, and I took down the banjo and sung the old song with a few variations:

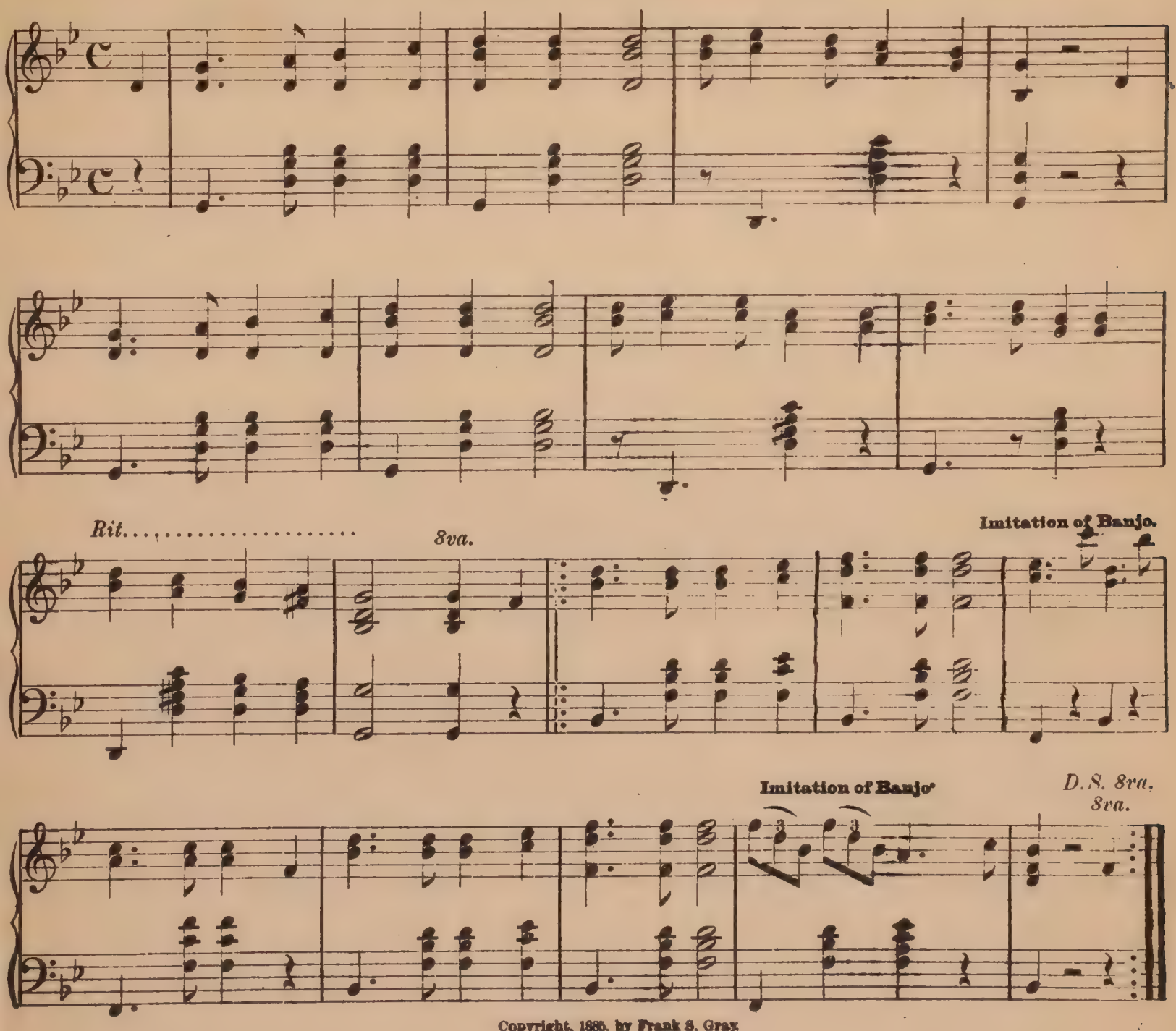
A Lover Bashful, etc.

The lover bashful rode away
Into the west countree.
He was a timid lad, they say;
Afraid to ask his love that day:
"Now give your heart to me."

A LOVER, BASHFUL.

Arranged for Piano by Miss IDA KING.

Words and Music by F. S. G.



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Refrain: And her lily-white hands

Fly over the strings.

Plunkety; plunkety;

Plunk, plunk, plunk.

The maiden coyly watched her love

Ride to the west countree.

"Why did he not ask this maid", said she,

"To ride along to the sunset sea?

"Come back, with your heart for me."

The lover bashful rode away

Into the west countree.

Stopped by the sands of Pond d'Oreille

And wrote, "Grace H." for half a day.

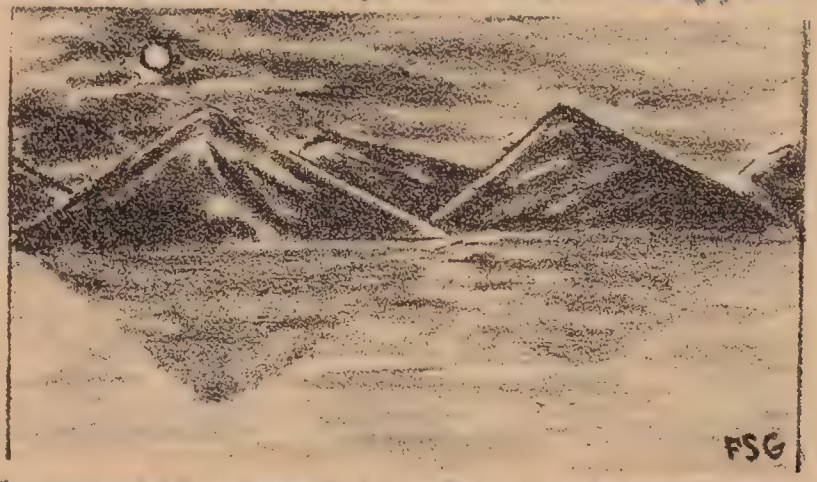
He's in love with the girl, I see.

When I had stopped, Jim, with a badly bored expression, said: "Now you had to go down on the beach and see what I was doing to-day, didn't you? And ever since, you have been getting that "plunkety plunk" ready to spring it on me tonight. Confound it! I thought I had rubbed it out. Well, it's all right, Jim. I was just amusing myself. But you couldn't say anything about it, will you? It was an absurd of me." He was so earnest about it that I promised I wouldn't, and with that I was off to sleep.

Plunkety Plunk.

The next day we broke camp and were soon afloat, bound south. The shore here is one continuous precipice, broken only by the narrow canyons of Pack Saddle, Whiskey, and Cedar creeks, until Gold creeks are reached, a distance of fourteen miles. At Cedar Creek we found a man in a six by eight cabin, who had lived there all alone for seven years, digging a little each day at a ledge near the cabin He was a resident of Illinois in former years. He did not seem to be very talkative or glad to see strangers. His name was Tom---something, but we heard from him later on. We pushed on up the lake that night and stopped at the lime kilns on Gold Creeks The creeks rise back in the Coeur d'Alene mountains, miles apart.

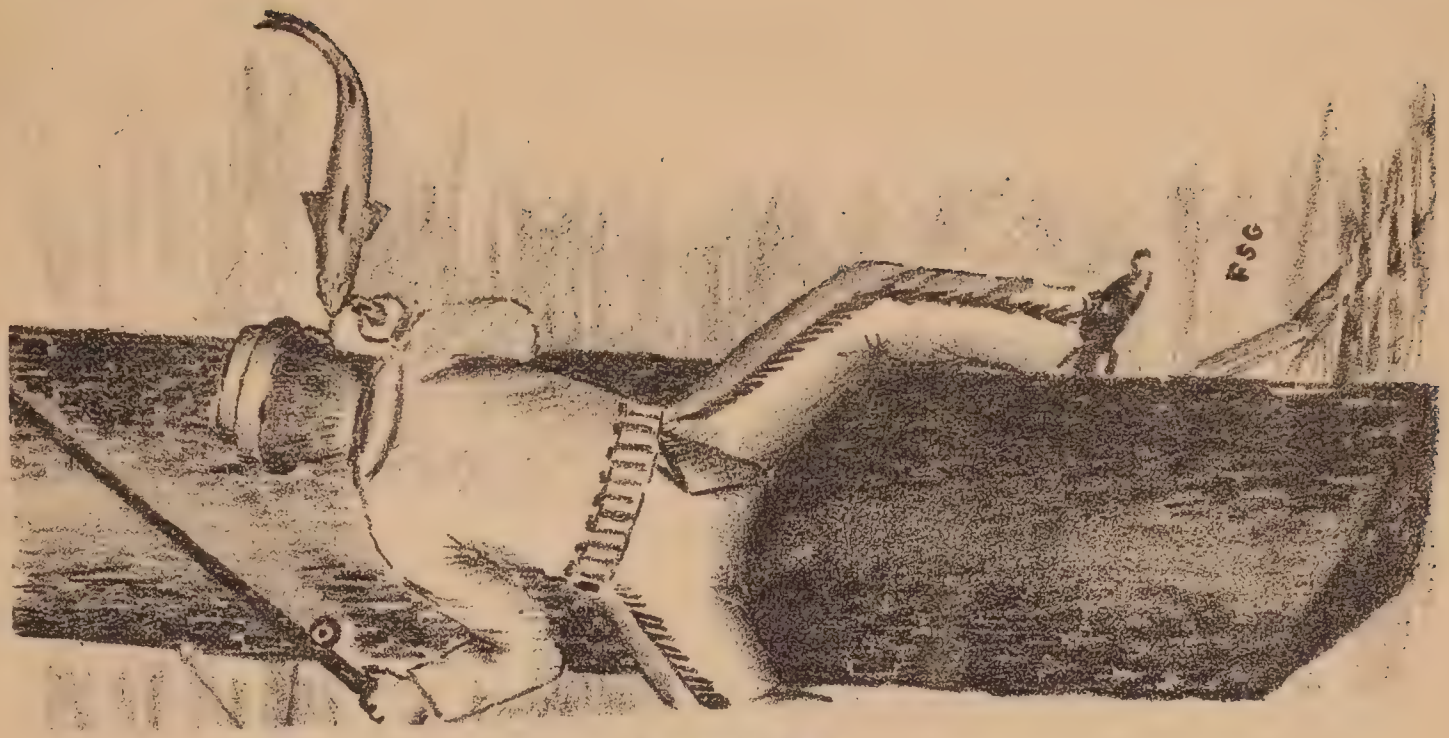
They gradually converge until they enter the lake only a few yards apart. South Gold Creek canyon is very precipitous, and there are only occasionally places where you can climb up its sides, after getting once into it. The scenery on the extreme lower end of the lake rivals anything in America; Lake George, New York, not excepted. Cape Horn(4600 feet)four miles away, is across the lake,



with Black Tail mountain away in the distance, and Steamboat mountain(5100 feet)seemingly towers overhead The Blue Slide, which we passed on the way up, is one of the most picturesque and wonderful sights in the west. The mountain range here bordering the lake has crumbled and sends its avalanches of boulders down thundering and splashing into the water. From a boat at its base you look up an incline, seemingly as smooth as a floor, pitched at an angle of 30 degrees for twenty-two hundred feet, and rising above this still is the precipice itself for another two thousand feet, which, being a mixture of clay and granite interspersed with iron, gives it a reddish tinge, while the slide covered with the clay is

a mild blue. Large pine trees grow to the very edge above the precipice, and their tops seem lost in the purple tint which seemingly covers the distant mountains and high peaks. Our camp here being surrounded by the mountains, made the days shorter at both ends, but at sunrise we were always awake and ready to get up. Sunrise was 9 o'clock. Deer were very plenty here; all to be done to secure venison was to go down to the salt lick and shoot one. The salt lick being a patch of alkali on the side of the mountain near the water, which was largely frequented by the mule deer from the mountains above. The brook trout of Gold creek are large, plenty, and easy to get at. I caught my first large brook trout in south Gold creek. I had been fishing, with good success, all one morning, and my basket was becoming uncomfortably full. Every pool I came to I thought there must be a better one above, and along toward the middle of the afternoon, on looking ahead, up the canyon, I saw a log jam between two ledges of rock, the water falling over with a roar. The churned water boiling up from beneath was a bright green. I dropped my basket and sneaking along on all fours, over logs and along them, until I came to a huge pine laying over the pool and a little below. I peeped over the log and saw one, two, three, yes, a dozen trout that I thought were the "daddies" of all the trout I ever saw or caught.

Then came back to me the trout stories of three, four and five pounders from Nipigon and from the Adirondacks. I put on a grasshopper and dropped my line overboard, but it never touched the water One of those big fellows took it, coming out showing half his body to get the bait. I knew by the way the pole doubled up that I had him. We threw off all formalities then and went in for a better acquaintance; down the stream and up, sideways and up out of the water. I had a hook and line strong enough to hang a horse, and did not give him any more rope than necessary. A pile of brush lay to one side, and as I expected he dived into this and out again, then back, most effectually snagging the line and shortening thereby his own rope. Happening to look down beneath the log I was on, I saw him in the water, with the line across taut, his head jerking on one side and then on another, to free the line like a bull pup trying to pull his collar over his head. My line was badly caught; the trout was liable to get loose any minute. I very deliberately pulled my six shooter, laid flat on the log, aimed at his head directly beneath me, and shot him. The trout, with an awkward twist of his tail, turned over and came up on the surface. I cut the line, secured my basket and started for home. I was the hero of the lake. We had all been away from camp that day, and having had no dinner, we were ravenous. My basket of trout, in-



I shot him

cluding the big one, a quarter of venison, and nearly a pot full of broth, were consumed by us for supper. The broth was a dish that "Peace River" patented. In his absentmindedness he had put a handful of pepper in it three times, which was, as "Idaho" remarked, after the first mouthful, "a little taste of the hereafter!" He didn't say "the hereafter," though, but I think the way I have put it looks a little better. Just as we were finishing supper, a woe-begone, ragged, half-famished native came straggling up from the beach and stood before the fire. We knew he was hungry; I never saw an Indian that was not. Doctor said to him, in good earnest, "Wie gates? injun."

Dutch was the only language Doctor knew anything about, besides

United States. He thought as he knew nothing of English he might perhaps strike him right with German. We all laughed heartily at the Doctor's effort to be pleasant with the Siwash, but the Indian only gazed at him in astonishment. Before we could stop him he turned toward us, and gesticulating with his hands to illustrate his meaning, said:

"Nika cultus Kootnai siwash siah,

Nika olo pee, till nika soleks.

Pot-latch bed wake siah, ocoke piah.

Potlatch mowich, muck, muck-muck."

I grabbed the rifle: He looked wildly at me, and said:

"Kootnai moo-sum pee kwan kwan." Then he started off in a six-shooter trochaic, something as follows:

"Nika chah-co Pend d'Oreille nanitch six

Mamook, klooch mans kuitans skins

Yah kwa it lo cum, okoke nesika

Mamook ocoke sinnamax sins."

"Peace River" then hit him with a bismuth that so pleased him thinking that he meant it for applause, that he picked it up, and eating it, continued:

"Pend d'Oreille wawa, sah-a-le kwon-e-sum okoke to-lo."

The Doctor fainted at this most unwelcome news. The Koote-

nai continued, while the silence was so profound that we could not hear "Peace River" take the stopper out of the demi-john.

"Nika mitlite mamook, he-he, it lo cum.

Kopa dam sinnamax, sah Pend d'Oreille.

Mika mamook, (ugh) wake klone sun

Kloochmans, kuitans, skins pee nika."

When the Doctor came to, he wanted to know what the injun was saying. I translated as follows:

"I'm a bad injun from far Kootenai

I'm hungry, I'm tired and I'm mad.

Gimme deer meat to eat,

Gimme place near the heat,

Kootenai then sleep and be glad.

I come to Pend'Reille to see friends,

Bring my squaws, my ponies and skins;

When the Pend d'Oreilles say,

Here's a game that we play,

It's "seven up" always that wins.

I sit down and play gamble game.

I played for nearly three days;

I gambled my squaws,

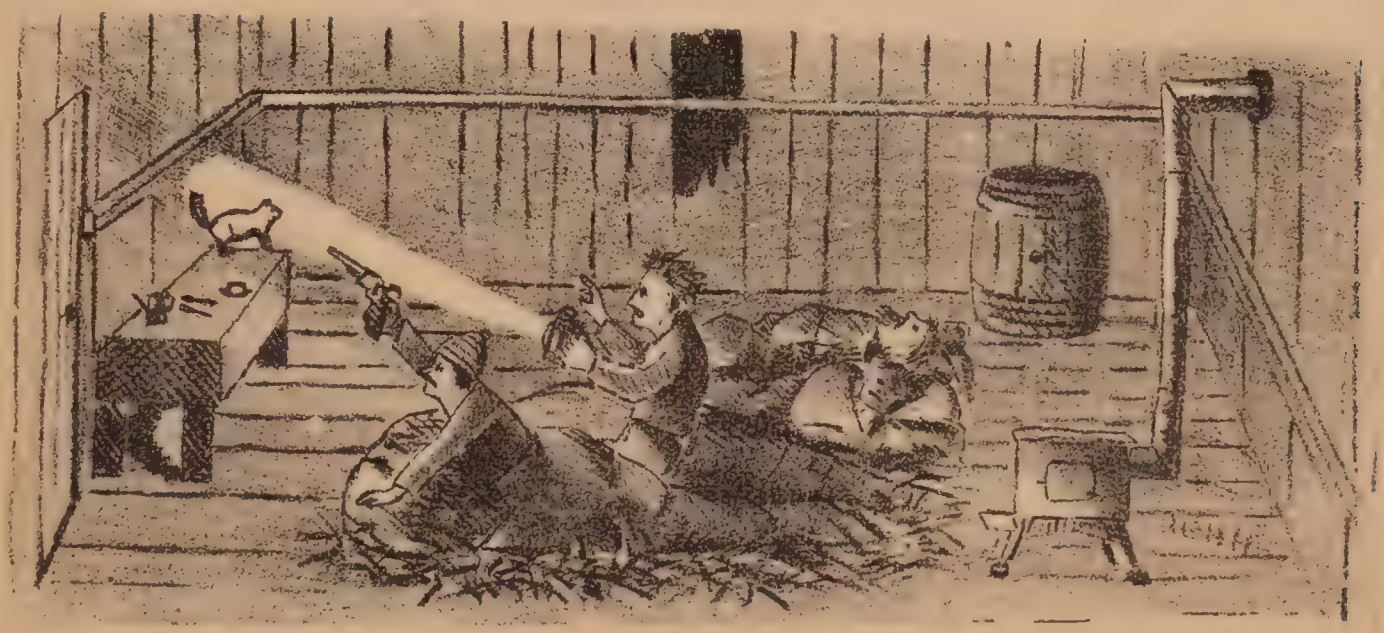
My ponies and skins

To the (d—) seven up Pend d'Oreilles.

The poor fellow was in a straight, sure enough. We turned him loose at the things left, and the first thing he did was to tackle "Bill's" broth. He took a mouthful, choked, strangled and spit, and when he got his breath he said: "Worser-than-(d—)-sevenup" The injun eat everything in sight The dishes were so clean we did not have to wash them next morning for breakfast. The doctor then gave him a cigar and "Peace River" started the "cork" for him. He was so full of content and dyspepsia that he rolled up near the fire and was soon asleep He left towards morning, with everything he could lay his hands on. He had jumped into his coat and was just ready to get away when "Idaho" awoke, but he saw him lifting a carcass of deer, which he had taken off our rack into his canoe. "Idaho" stepped out and covered the rascal with his rifle, and awakening "Bill", they brought to light, snugly packed away, the deer just spoken of, a rifle of mine, a side of bacon, crackers, and the demi john. "Bill" said afterwards, "He could stan losin the gun an things, but when it came to losin the demmi john

that touched a tender chord." Then "Bob" went down and touched all the tender cords in that siwash, with his foot, until he rung like an Aeolian harp.

We had a time with a pest called the wood, or trading rat. As soon as everything is quiet about the camp at night they begin their peculations. The first night at Gold Creek we slept in the cooper shop on the shavings. We were just getting asleep when one of them came galloping over the floor like a cayuse, and jumped on a bench near our heads. John jumped up but as the room was dark could see nothing. The noise ceased and we laid down again. I had gone to sleep when I was suddenly awakened by a Comanche yell from John. The rat had run over his head. We lit the dark lantern and got out our six shooters, and after a long skirmish John

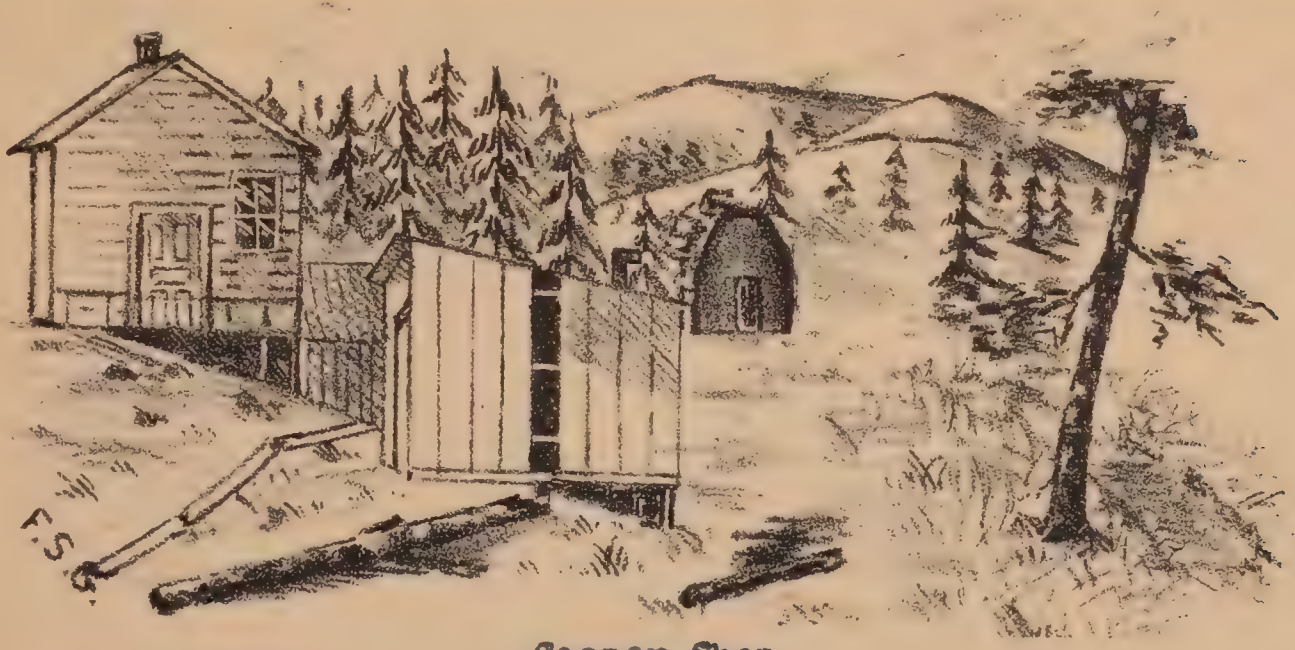


Got him on top of the table.

The shooting in the close room had awakened Idaho and Bill, but they were afraid to move, as John was plugging away at everything that looked black.

This rat is a curious little fellow. They are very much larger than a common rat, and have a bushy tail. A cat will have nothing to do with them, as they are great fighters and will soon get the best of pussy. In their raids they lug off and carry to places of concealment things which it would seem impossible for them to carry; but with great propriety they always return for what they have taken, what they suppose to be an equivalent. We found a lot of shotgun cartridges behind some rubbish in the cabin one morning, but in the box where the cartridges were kept we found an equal number of large pebbles, which they had returned. They took our army biscuit and brought back sticks of various length, and put them in the box. They carry off moccasins, hats, potatoes, onions, but always return, anything from an old rag to a ten penny nail.

One evening we were clustered around the stove in the



Cooper Shop,

in which a fire had been kindled, it having turned suddenly chilly. The cold breeze from "Pack Saddle" was sighing through the pines down in the canyon, the wind on the lake freshened, and finally it began to rain. The patter of the rain on the roof and the noise of the waves on the beach, made it seem all the more comfortable under a shelter. Our pipes were freshly lit, a good supper had been disposed of, and we were discussing the experiences of the day; mine was as follows: I started out alone with my rifle and pipe, about an hour before sundown and went off towards South Gold Creek canyon; the evening was delightful; the setting sun was gilding the outline of Steamboat Mountain with a band of gold, the crimson tinge

was just beginning to be perceptible on its glistening, snowy top The dark green of the pines growing lower down, with the gray and brown of its lower cliffs and rocks, was only enhanced in beauty by the bright green water at its foot. The air was motionless; the silence seemed oppressive. The picture was so delightful that I laid my rifle to one side, and sitting on a log facing the sunset, forgot everything but the remarkable beauty of the scene. I had been there for some minutes watching the sun dip into one bank of crimson and then out again, showing its full outline with its dull red surface; he was going to bed and was being lighted to his repose by the softer shades of ten thousand tints. A slight movement some two hundred yards across the little meadow attracted my attention. I looked more carefully and saw it again. A dead pine stump stood in a cluster of hemlock, while behind it and facing me was a great, noble looking buck, his antlers just perceptible on one side, and his glossy fat haunch on the other. How long he had been there I did not know, certainly he had not seen me. I knew if I made the shot it would have to be a remarkably fine one to get him. I watched him closely, and saw him raise his head with his nose pointing almost straight up, turn it on all sides, sniffing the air; he had detected me but could not locate my direction. I waited for him to come out, but with exasperating cool-

ness he never moved out of his tracks. The sun went lower and lower, and still I did not shoot. Finally the outline dimmed. The dead pine stood out from the dark background like a tombstone. I raised the rifle, aiming at the centre of the tree and on a line with his breast, and fired. A rattle of the brush and bushes for an instant, was all that I heard from him. I went cautiously over to the spot, and found the bullet hole in the center of the tree and the buck gone. The bullet was an express ball, while I supposed, when I shot, it was a solid one. It had gone into the tree and spread.

John's Experience.

You know I started for the Blue Slide this morning. I did go there, but also concluded to go down to the lick and then go back on the mountain for that black bear we saw there the other day. I reached the lick and pulled my boat up, and clambered up the mountain; when I reached the top had a very pretty shot at a deer running on the next ridge, but missed her. I followed the bear trail until nearly noon, and in coming back went a little further to the north on the mountain. I had reached the ledge about half way down, when looking slightly above me and a little to the right, stood what I believe to be the ghost of these hills. A low, medium sized man with a heavy, bushy beard, old frayed leggins and hunting shirt,

"Cedar Creek Tom"

a torn slouch hat, and a rifle of old pattern, long and sinister looking, with a large powder horn hung over his shoulder. He was looking straight ahead, motionless and seemingly not conscious of my presence. He leaned heavily on his rifle. I turned to the lake below to see if any other boat was in sight, but only for an instant, when on looking again, he was gone. You can imagine I was somewhat taken back. The apparition was so startling that I concluded to get down the mountain into the boat, which I did.

"Idaho Bob" chuckled to himself, and said: I'll bet thet was

"Cedar Creek Tom", watchin to see if you boys wus a goin to jump his claims. Don't you remember of his actin so 'spicious like when we come up thet day? Well, he kind o' thinks you'v come up here 'specially to grab them holes. He's got 'em in a ledge that he taps at every day a little, and thinks he has struck it rich. I prospected them ledges myself years ago, they'll run 'bout ten ounces, thet aint no good this fur out."

The rain was falling now continously, and we had to move occasionally on account of the leaking roof. John seemed a little moody this evening, probably thinking of the little one of Lost Valley, and it was only after numerous requests from us that he took down the banjo, and playing a few preliminary chords, sung

The Little Maid of Lost Valley.

By Rev. C. L. Thompson. D. D.

Girl of the shaded eyes
I wake a song to thee:
Softly lay the hand upon the silver strings
Tremulous the voice of singer while he sings,
Deep and tender as the skies,
This my song shall be

Girl of the soul lit eyes,
List to this song for thee.
As sweeps the wind across Tacoma's pines
So sweeps my soul along these burdened lines,
And in its voicelessness it cries
For words to set it free.

Girl of the dewy eyes,
Look on this song for thee.
As stars upon night, blooming flowers shine,
So lift thy starlight on this song of mine.
And in the glad and still surprise
'Twill show its heart to thee.

Girl of the loving eyes,
What song shall be for thee.
As sigh the pines, my notes grow hushed and still.
Oh, lift those eyes, and they shall wake and thrill,
One look shall bid the song arise
And swell the harmony.

The hot water was in prime condition on the stove, and the toddy, under the supervision of "Peace River", was passed around as occasion seemed to demand it. He now insisted that John should sing over the whole song again, and when through we would all drink to the health of that little girl, whose picture John was looking at before supper. John blushed. He supposed he could steal a glance at it occasionally unobserved, and this was our first knowledge that John had any photograph with him at all. John complied singing it over again with even more feeling than before. The song, played with touching melody, seemed to make us quite sentimental, perhaps it was the hot toddy. We called for a story from Idaho Bob. He said he would relate an experience of his, and saying this he unbuttoned his collar and took out a leather medallion fastened around his neck by a heavy gold chain, opened it and showed us the picture of a remarkably handsome face, a woman. The work

was done on porcelain, and was set strongly in a heavy case. The edges of the picture were a little stained, but the face was there as clear and beautiful as a mountain stream. To our questioning looks of surprise, he told us this story:

Idaho's Romance.

I was born away back in the States, of well-todo parents. They wus a leetle too easy with me, an I had things pretty much my own way. I wouldn't go to school, an at twelve I ran away an shipped in a bark for Australia, as cabin boy. I got back in two years, an you bet I was glad to git home, but I got that kind of a reckless, keerless way, an' wus never just feelin' right 'less I was in some 'citement or nuther. I was home two years an' the war broke out, so without sayin' a word to anybody 'cept a little sweetheart of mine, I got together a few traps, an' enlisted. They refused to take me a couple of times, but I kept workin' my way south,

an' finally staked out in a regiment who wanted a drummer boy, an' they took me in. Well, the fust thing you know the colonel kinder took a shine to me, an' made me an orderly on his staff. I was on this claim for eighteen months, when they began to enlist the darkies. I made application fur a company, backed up by the ole cul'nl, an' the fust thing you know I got a big envelope with a red seal, to come to Washington an' drive the stakes on this new lode. I was feelin' "away up" then, an' went. Do you know how that business is done? Well, the young fellers ask questions 'bout this an' that, all easy enough, an' I got along fust class until they began to "clean up." A big, side whiskered ole coon, who sat in the middle of the table, took his turn at the windlass. He kep' callin' me "lieutenant", two or three times, an' when I told him I wasn't a lieutenant yet, but just orderly, it kind o' pleased him, but he says, in a very pompous voice, and his chest swelled up till I thought he would bust the gold lace off'n his coat, he says, 'Orderly!:

The scene of the engagement is on the slope of a hill, you are in command of one hundred men. The enemy, to the number of several hundred, are seem approaching over a rise in front, followed by their ar-till-ery, which in perceiving you, right wheel and allow their ar-till-ery to get into position. The enemy seen are only the advance guard of a larger force in their rear, who on being

apprised of your position, execute a flank movement unseen by you and occupy your right, supported by their cavalry, with the intention of enfilading your ranks, what would you do, Lieutenant, under those circumstances? An' the old Gold Straps drew in a long breath an' tapped with his fingers on the table, an' looked around to the officers sittin' there, as if he had all the "color" in his box.

Well, I kinder wanted the $128 a month, more than bossin a nigger regiment, but thinks I, I'll say somethin' anyhow. The old snoozer was gittin' impatient at me thinkin' so long, an' he says,

"Well! well! Lieutenant, what would you do?"

"Well," I says, "Colonel, I'd git down that gulch to beat h----l!" I thought that would bust the sluice, sure, and my chances were gone. The ole fellow got red in the face, an' the other officers laughed, and I was scart, you bet. He says, "Give the gentleman his papers!"

I went back with some gold on my coat an' they gimme a nigger regiment. Thinks I, if the rebs git ahold of me I'm a goner sure. But they didn't. I wrote to the sweetheart back home occasionally, an' got some letters, an' then they stopped, an' I heard no more. After the war I struck out fer the mines; thinks I there' nothin' to go home fer, no letters from Bessie means that she has forgot me. I was here an' was there. One night I had a curious dream, an' I seed her, holdin' out her hands an' lookin' at me

That I knew meant that the letters got lost an' she was on the same ole claim yet; leastwise it always seemed so to me. I was anxious to make a stake an' go back to the States an' git the little girl. Once we wus on the Last Chance lode in the Sierra Madres; the Apaches wus gittin' kinder bad, they was stealin' horses, an' gittin' ready fur a scrap. One day a feller from the Ole Womans claim came gallopin' up an' said the 'Paches wus on the path, killin' an' shootin' an' the settlers wus breakin' fur the posts, an' they had surprised a lot of the boys workin' on the bar in Death's Valley an' had killed "Texas" an' "Ole Montanny." You kin guess our mad wus up; we got out on the trail that day. We follered them pretty close, an' such sights you never seed; whole families killed and piled in a heap; houses an' ranches burned an' the stock driven off. At the end of the sixth day the trail was gittin' mighty warm, an' the warmer it got the madder we was. We was crossing the White River Valley, an' we come to a nice kivered waggin; the mules wus run off, an' layin' round the place wus the man an' his wife an' three children, still warm, an' all of 'em dead. The waggin was rifled of everything they could carry; the bodies wus so mutilated you couldn't tell their features, an' me an' my pard wus just goin' on to join the boys, when I heard a cry behind a little mound some ways off, an' goin' over, I found a young woman layin' with her head

on her arm, an' pale as death. She had attempted to run, an' had got some distance away when them devils had shot her, an' bein' so closely pursued they skipped on without doin' nothin' further. She thought we wus more injins, an' a look of horror came over her face, when she heard us comin' up. She wus shot through the back an' wus unable to move. Her face wus very familiar to me; thinks I, I seed you before. An' knowin' she didn't have long to live, I tried to make it easy as possible for her, an' I give her a drink of water, with a little brandy. She told me all the circumstances of their leavin' the east fer a health trip. While she would be talkin' she would stop onc't in a while an' take a look at me, an' then tell somethin' more. She knew she wus dyin', an' long toward the last, as her voice wus gittin' weak, she made a motion to me, an' I leaned over, an' she whispers, "I'd like to kiss you." An' a little blush spread over her face, an' she said, "Cause I think you are my Bob." I knowed her voice, then, it was my little Bessie herself. Her face was so changed from the pain an' sufferin' an' she had growed so, I didn't just remember her. Well then I cried like a baby. I took her head in my lap, while ole Mexico, that was my pardner, walked away; he couldn't stan' it no longer. She laid there like a child, pattin' my rough ole hands, as contented as a kitten, not payin' any attention to her pain. An' I told

her 'bout the letters, an' how when I struck it, I was comin' back; an' she looked up an' smiled. Just as the sun was goin' down she closed her eyes, an'--it was all over. It was the saddest sundown I ever knew, an' to-night when you was tellin' about the crimson touchin' up ole Steamboat, I thought of that night an' the crimson spots of blood around that little mound away down in Arizony.

We wrapped her in my blankets and dug the grave right there, an' stuck a waggin spoke in the mound to mark the place. We took keer of the rest of them, too, and afterwards found the driver away off to the left. I told "Ole Mexico" we better hold some kind of services, an' as he was older, an' had been around some more than me, he did the prayin'. We kneeled down by the little mound an' "Ole Mexico" said:

"We air called upon, O Lord, to 'cept these things which you have sit before us. We have been on the trail of these d---injins, O Lord, fur a week, an' we aint thar yit. We hev stopped here to camp one night in the wilderness; to comfort the fatherless--er!- Oh, h--l!! that aint right. Mexico kinder got rattled, but I says go on ole pard, do the best you kin, it'll be heerd up <u>thar</u> just the same as if you was gittin' it off in big style. So he goes ahead:

"Lord make us truly thankful fer the--fer the--things that is spread before us---Looky here, Idaho, I kinder lost my holt on this business, I'm throwing everything over the sluice.

I says: Well ole pardner, you air, that's a fact. Less say "Now I lay me", we know that pretty good, don't we? So we says:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake, I
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

We hadn't said that before, since we was babies, I knew. "Amen!!" says Mexico, wipen his eyes. "Now let's git on after tham blankety-blank 'Paches. You kin just gamble your last chip that I kin shoot one of them ripety-rip Injins, with a relish. Then he said, his voice kinder subdued like, "Idaho, we said Now I lay me' fer her, didn't we?" An' I says "yes, just the same as if she had said it herself."

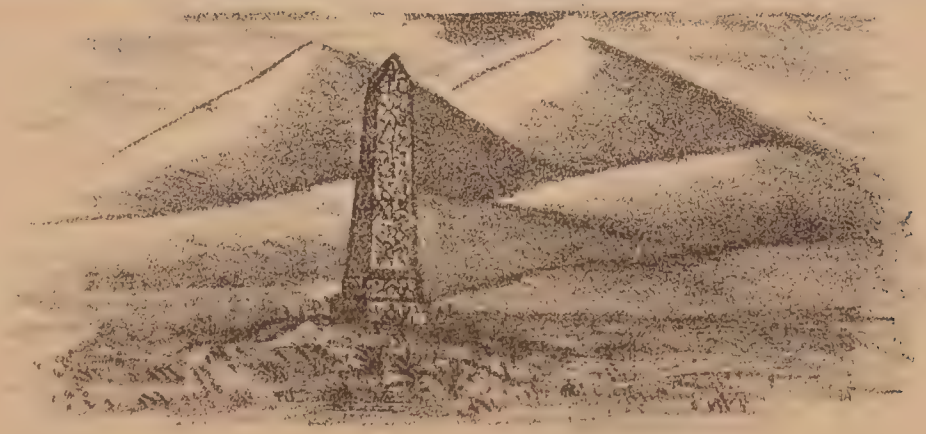
In feelin' around the waggin we found some money, some other little things, an' this picture. We took good keer of them. We then went on an' pretty near mornin' we caught up with the boys. They was movin' around keerful, hoverin' fur a strike. It come about sun up, an' we got 'em all. My ole gun got hot she went off so many times. We jist everlastinly' "cleaned up." Ole Mexico

made the best shot that day I ever seed; there was a buck who got away a good ways unseen, an' when we did see him he was runnin' up the next hill. The boys was gettin' ready to start fer him, an' Ole Mexico says, "hole on! I'll git him myself." The boys kinder looked at each other, but "ole Mex" laid his gun down, an' then got down on his knees, an' takin' off his hat an' closin' his eyes, said the little prayer over again, an' then he got up, an' pullin' his ole gun up to his shoulder, fired quick. The injun was just goin' down out of sight when the bullet caught him in the neck. Some of the boys went over to see whar he was hit, an' comin' back they stepped sixteen hundred good paces. Ole Mex. didn't seem a bit anxious to know where he was hit, or how fer it was. The boys called him "Parson" after this, an' he did stop his cussin' an' gamblin', some, an' when we got back to the lode again he come around one Saturday an' says, boys, they'll be preachin' at the "Resort" tomorrer mornin', like to hev ye drop in. Well, this was somethin new, an' we kinder thought we'd like to hear the new parson, who'd come out on the range to preach. The saloons closed up fer an hour, an' at the "Resort" they fixed things up kind o' churchy like by settin' all the bottles down behind the bar, when in walks ole Mexico, an' says, "I'm the "parson" myself. So he was. He got up on the stud table, an' he did give us a real ole orthodox talk,

It kind er seemed as if we struck it richer next day. We quit workin Sundays, an' laid by. The boys got to savin' their dust, an' it wasn't long 'fore we ran into a ton of the solid stuff. If you ever git down to the White River, boys, you'll see a monement thar, that shows up a long ways off. I put it thar myself an' put it on that little mound. I was thinkin' what I should say on it an' axed ole Mexico to give me a hand at it, an' he says, "Put on the side, in little writin',

"Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep."

The first handful of the stuff I got out of the "Last Chance" I had made up into that air chain, an' she's the pure twenty caroms, too. I went back into the States an' found some of their people an' turned over the things I had found, an' they said I could keep the picture, as I axed them if I could. I was goin' to settle down an' be somebody, but all that I keer fur is out this way now, so I cut loose an' struck in at Cheyenne fur the hills.



It was now Peace River's turn for a story. To numerous requests he said, "Oh I don't know nuthin."

"Well," I said, "Bill, the rules to-night are to sing a song or tell a story. You can take your choice."

"I'll tell you 'bout a feller up in Dakoty, that a lot of us fellers got left on."

Peace River Bill's Story.

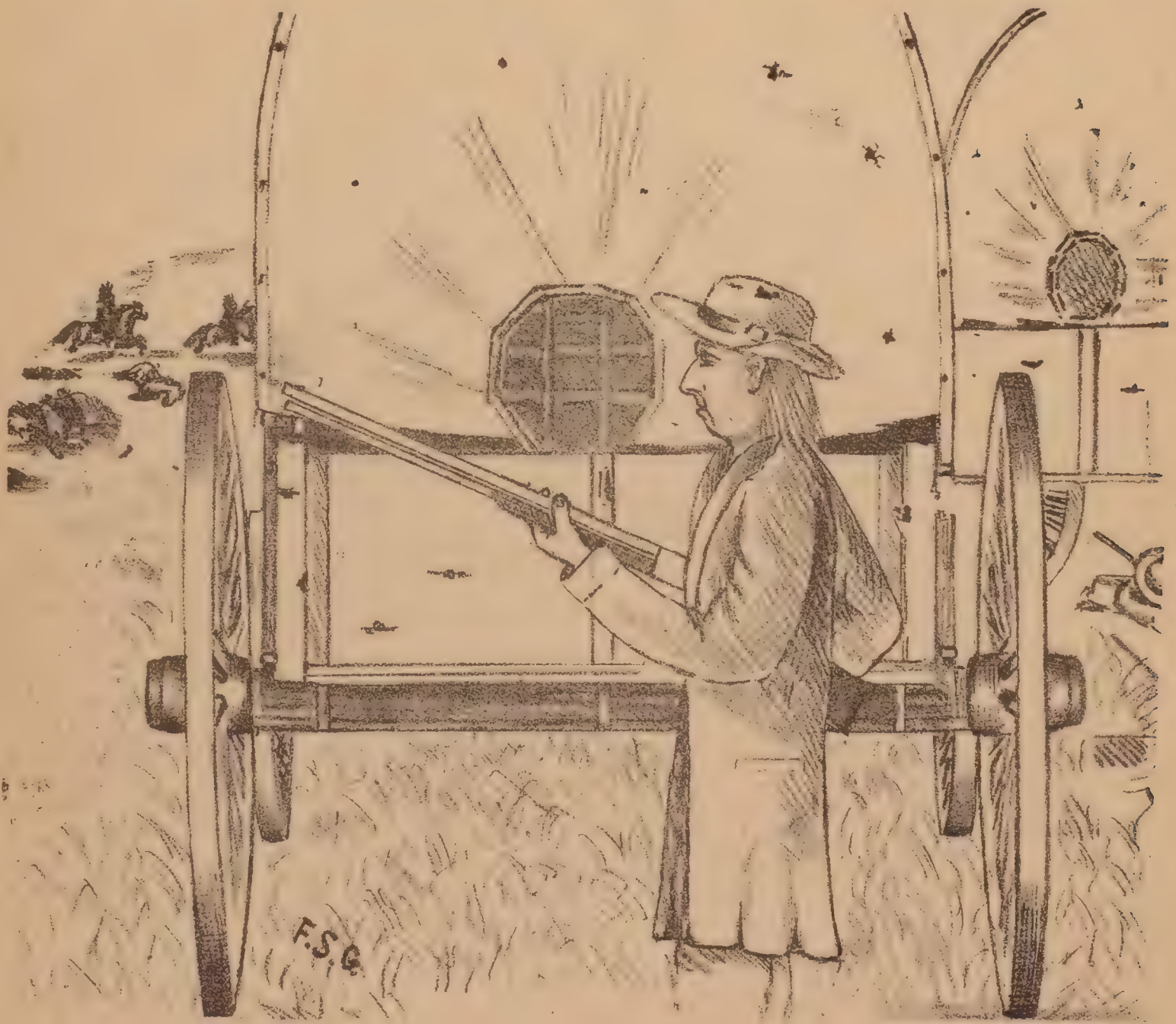
By

Major H.M. Robinson.

"Well, ter begin; when I was goin' to school back in the States 'bout '60 or before, there was a feller came the first day, named Davis. He was 'bout 25 years old, a tall, slim, gawky lookin' feller, dressed in a ole homespun suit that fit like a saddle on a steer. He had a hesitatin', uncertain motion 'bout him, with a long face, big mouth, high cheek bones, an' a long nose. His mouth wus half open all the time, an' his eyes wus weak lookin'. The boys sized this feller up in one glance. They joked him, an' made fun of his looks an' cloze, but he took all their banter an' never said much. We knew he was no good, an' had no sand; nobody knowed wher he hailed from, an' didn't care much. He went a couple of terms and then quit. I enlisted after this, went through an' then went out to the mountains. In the summer of '71 I was in a crowd of prospectors on the Upper Missoury. We intended goin' to the 'Souri River, up on the line, an' come back an' strike in fur the Black Hills. The Injins was bad, but thar was 'bout a dozen of the boys in our outfit, all well armed, and three wagons with mules. The day before we started, a tall, round shouldered man walked inter camp, an' leanin' 'gainst a wagon wheel, looked 'round. He was dressed kinder funny fur them parts, had on a long black coat, an' ole gaiters, tied with a string, long nose, an' hardly any teeth. The boys made a good many remarks about him, but he only smiled, an' said, rather 'fraid like, that he wanted to get out to the Hills. When I got back to camp that night, I found the boys had took him in, an' give him a team to drive. I got to talkin' with him an' found it was Davis. He had been roamin' around

since I had seen him, teachin' school an' such like, ever since. Now he wanted to go overland; he had hoofed it from the States. It was plain from the first that he was the same chicken hearted feller that he used to be. We found out the first day that no matter how good he was teachin school, he couldn't drive mules. More'n once he got the leaders mixed up with the wheel mules, an' he was ignerance itself, when he come to arrangin' the harness. He was utterly incapable of doin' anything without help. Well, you kin imagin' the boys didn't take to this kinder actions, 'specially in them days. They cussed him, but that did no good. One feller, a Kentuckian, who was jest as much the other way as Davis was in his'n, was 'specially hard on him. In less'n a week he got so zasperated at his ignerance an' meekness, that he tole him if he come foolin' 'round him any more he'd cripple him for life. You see this Davis had been kinder leanin' on this Kentucky feller he seemed to want sympathy, or somethin', an' before another week was out one of the boys kicked him fur some of his clumsiness. Nobody liked the schoolmaster, an' there was considerable talk amongst us 'bout throwin' him out of the outfit an' leavin' him on the plains. An' finally nobody spoke to him 'cept to cuss him; he was the butt of the whole camp. After we had been three weeks out there wus signs of the Sioux bein' around; signal smokes were seen in the evenin', an' small clouds of dust low down on the horizon showed the presence of scoutin' bands. One afternoon, as we were slowly goin' up a low ridge in the prairie, the advance scout came gallopin' back with a ball through his arm, an' a minute later a yellin' band of the Injins began to circle 'bout the train. We dismounted an' in a few minutes formed the wagons into a barricade. The Sioux were in large force, an' kep' narrowin' their circles 'spectin' an easy time. Their bullets began to plunk plunk, right away. In three minutes after the first shot was fired two of the mules was killed, an' the leader of the outfit got a bullet in the head. As I said, we was all well armed 'cept Davis, an' he had a cane. From his general git up we s'posed he would be skeered inter a fit. In the 'citement he was lost sight of, an' now when he slipped forrard to git the dead man's gun, the Kentucky feller told him, with an oath, to drop it, or give it to somebody who could use it. But Davis didn't drop it worth a cent but took up his station at the rear end of one of the wagons. In a moment more the spirraly circle of Injins broke suddenly an' swept in a wild charge towards the train. They came in on the side Davis was standin', an' as we left to get over next to them,

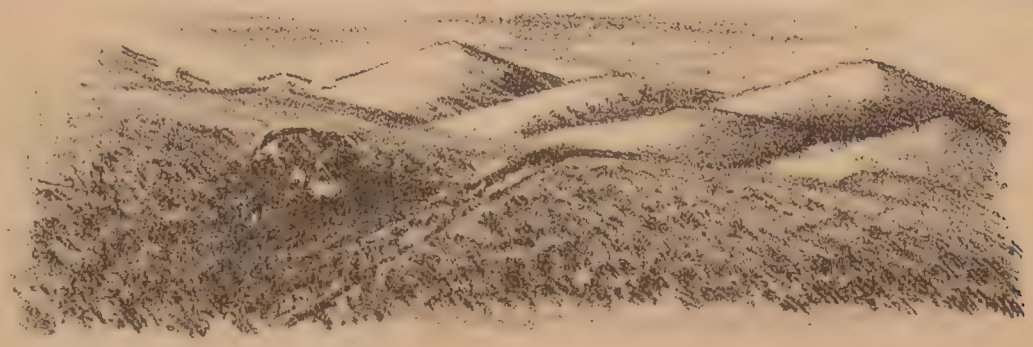
his ole gun cracked twice an' two of them Sioux bucks tumbled off their ponies. Well, as I have often said, it was the quickest an' slickest piece of shootin' I ever seed. We wus so took back an' 'stonished, that had the Sioux come straight on they would have got the whole outfit. But the man that turned the attack never stirred from his place. His slouchin' look seemed to be shakin' off an' he stood thar straight an' solid as a rock. His droopin'



under lip closed up like a steel trap, inter a hard, straight line, an' his pale blue eyes looked dangerous. The man from Kentucky looked at him a moment an' went back to his post, sayin' nothin'. The scout who was first hit said "Give it up." We knew that end

of the barricade was all right now,an' everybody breathed freer. But the whistlin' of the bullets,an' the yells of the Sioux continued. In a short time the canvas tops of the wagons looked like sieves. The circles of the Injins widened only to come in again. When a reckless buck would approach fair range,the sharp crack of Davis' rifle meant a bullet in his painted hide. That man was a bad one with his blood up an' a smokin' gun in his hands. Every shot brought an Injin; no random shootin' from his corner. The repeated charges of the Sioux grew less frequent from the fact of the loss of two or three from their number,under the deadly glance of them blue eyes. The Injins knew who was doin' the mischief,too,an' the bullets whistled 'round him lively. It was after the fifth or sixth charge of this kind that Kentucky says: "Hadn't yer better git furder under cover,Davis? It's purty open thar." But Davis shook his head,an' said nothin'. The evenin' wore away slowly,an' every minute was marked by a Sioux yell or bullet. Some of the animals was dead beside the wagons. The spokes was splintered and the bed of the wagons was riddled with bullets. Charge after charge had been repulsed; three of the boys was badly wounded inside the triangle; but the victims of Davis' gun formed a straggling line almost from its muzzle to the circle of Sioux beyond. He had hardly spoken a word all this time,but stood thar like he was charmed. Night come on,an' this somewhat lessened the shootin'. The Sioux retained their circular guard,only waitin' fur daylight to renew their scrimmage. They crept through the grass an' dragged away their dead. Inside the wounded men began to plead fur water,but there wus none to give. It wus from a call of this kind,from the feller who had kicked him a few days before,that Davis left his post to come forrard an' ask if no water wus to be had. We tole him there was none,that the nearest water wus a small pond at the foot of the ridge,just inside the Injin circle. Takin' a bucket from a waggin,he says quietly,"I'll git some." Not a man in the party spoke. Everybody knew that a heroic action wus to be done. To go to that ere pond wus to go to certain death. An' yit no one asked him to stay. It would have been useless,anyhow. We crep' back to our places,strainin' our eyes in the direction he took. Even the boysthat wus hit stopped moanin'. We saw his tall body go out through the shadows until he was lost in the gloom. Then came an interval of silence,awful,appalling,broken at last by a shot an' a wild chorus of yells. In a moment all the demons of hell itself seemed let loose. Shot followed shot; the howls had somethin' exultant in them. Through the darkness there came

a shadow, a tall figure running with a bucket in his hand, follered close behind with a thousand forms. Then wus the time we got in our work; a continous sheet of flame poured inter that crowd, an' sent them flyin' back to their roosts. In a moment more Davis staggered in with his bucket half full of water. The Kentucky feller left his post, graspin' his hand in a grip that would have crushed a weaker one, "Mr. Davis," he said, "the outfit is proud of yer." An' the youther boys looked around, sayin' nothin' but them sentiments wus written on every face. But he simply set the bucket down beside the man who kicked him, an' pickin' up his rifle, went back to his place. The Sioux zasperated by their defeat kep' up a regular fire through the long grass. Just before dawn they come down on us agin. The ole rifle behind the waggin dropped three of them before the waggins was reached. That settled it; they drew off, an' when the mornin' come the Sioux were watchin' our movements from a safe distance over the prairie. This fight wus costin' them too high. We s'posed the Sioux would git reinforcements durin' the day, so we thought we had better git. The Kentucky feller harnessed Davis' mules, an' when he come to hand the lines to their powder kivered driver it wus found he wus in no shape to take them. He had been wounded in half a dozen places, an' the slow bleedin' had been sappin' him of his strength. We lifted him keerfully inter the waggin an' began our march. The Sioux circled about us but kep' well out'n range. By noon they wus gone. About this time the Kentucky feller says to me, "Bill! hole these lines, I believe Davis is goin'." Sure enough as we gathered about him, his eyes turned up to the skies an' a grayish hue stole over his face. A minute after he reached his hand out to Kentucky, an' so he journeyed into the infinite solitude. Kentucky looked at him awhile, an' says: "Boys! Aint that a handsome face?" An' he meant it, too. We rode on in silence. When the shadows of evenin' came we dug a grave in the prairie an' laid him out'n sight. Kentucky says: "Boys, there ought to be a stome to mark this ere place." An' said: "He didn't seem much account at first, but he loomed up powerful to'ard the last."



"None braver he who leaps the wall
By musket flashes litten,
Than I, who slipped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten."

Chapter 8.

The next night proved to be the last one at the kilns. We had stayed at camp all day, intending to go down that night to the "lick" and try for deer, with a dark lantern. The Doctor never had any experience in this method of hunting, and was very anxious to try it. With the setting in of night, therefore, we, with a dug-out and paddles went down the shore cautiously It seemed that the burning green eyes of the deer were met with every one hundred yards, but the Doctor, who was wearing the lamp, being a novice at it, could not see them. We scolded and pointed, to no purpose. It was not until some big blacktail scrambled up the bank into the bushes, making considerable noise, that the Doctor was aware of his presence. He motioned once to stop, and we could see nothing; in a moment the heavy gun loaded with buck, went off, shaking the canoe. We saw nothing, still, but the Doctor said, "I got him this time". And on pushing the boat ashore we found he had hit a large black bear, the whole charge taking effect in his neck. He was a shaggy

big fellow, and lay there apparently lifeless. The Doctor throw the light on his body, stooped over, and was talking excitedly of the circumstances, when the bear suddenly raised on his haunches, and before the Doctor could dodge, struck him a powerful blow on his arm and shoulder, knocking him over and putting out the light. Our eyes being accustomed to the bright glare of the lamp, were now unable to distinguish anything, but grasping our rifles, we stood for a minute, until the objects began to take shape. We found the bear a few steps away from where he had first fallen, dead. The Doctor laying to one side moaning and seemingly unconscious. We relit the lamp and bathed his face. He came to, shortly, but suffering severely with his arm. We lifted him into the boat and leaving the bear as it lay, went as quickly as possible to camp. We arrived shortly after midnight, and found the Doctor's arm greatly swollen and very painful. I gave him a little morphine, and bathed his arm. In a short time I was pleased to find that he had dropped off to sleep. I insisted that "Idaho" and "Bill" should go to sleep, and I sat up the rest of the night, getting together our camp equipage and utensils, carrying them to the shore At early morning we ate a light breakfast, and by seven o'clock were on our way to Sand Point, sixty-two miles away. We stopped at two o'clock in the afternoon for a lunch on shore, and reached

our destination at ten o'clock that night, rowing the entire distance. There were three of us to row at the oars, and to make the burden equal, we each rowed an hour and rested half an hour. The smoke had settled again and we ran by the compass entirely.

The Doctor suffered severely all day long. On our way down the lake we passed, seated near the shore, a quaint character of this

lake, called "Dirty Dick"; why this title should be bestowed on him we were unable to find out Nor could we learn of his real name, even when we met him afterward. He was cleanly looking, spoke clearly and fluently, made use of no ungrammatical expressions, and

his language was marked by an entire absence of any profanity. He interested us. A hunter by profession; no special friends; no enemies.

After dinner the Doctor told us the following story, more to keep his mind from his pain than anything else, I thought.

The Surgeon's Story.
By
DR. WM. C. GRAY.

"You didn't git exac'ly what you kim out here fur, Doctor, did ye?" Said Peace River, winking at the rest of us. "I judge you wus prospectin' fur bare arms, an' you struck a bear's arm."

The Doctor tried to look over the top of his own head at Peace but the movement hurt him, and he said with a grimace

"For a fact, Bill, I wouldn't give a panful of silver-bow gravel for the difference."

"What! You mean to tell me that you'd as soon take squeezes and love pats from that ole silver-tip bar, as from a pretty girl? You can't come that sort o' monkey business on me, Doc, for no money!"

"I didn't say I would---Gemini! but that arm pains me. I have had some experience of both and I swear I would take the silver-tip before the woman, any day."

"So have I, Doc. There was a little girl back in the States who bid me good-bye, an' kissed me, an' I felt it to the soles of my feet. There wus a bar on the Kootnai got on ter me after I shot him. I backed 'gainst a pine an' raisin' my right han' high, with my knife in it. He didn't strike, but hugged, an' with my free arm I worked that knife on him at the rate of a drive a second He held on, clawin' the pine at my back till he rolled over dead. Now, Doc, you hav my 'sperience with huggin'. Let's hev your'n, what sort of a huggin' match was it that wus wuss'n huggin' bears?"

"I'll tell you, if you can prop me up a little, so as to ease off the pain."

Bill propped and bolstered the Doctor with blankets till he gave a sigh of relief, closed his eyes reflectively, and said:

"How long will it take us to reach Indian Bay, Idaho?"

"If the wind holes right, two hours: if not, mebbe four."

"But Doc," put in Peace, "I'm dyin' to know 'bout that huggin'

How wus it?"

"What I'm going to tell you now, boys, is not of my own knowledge. I had it from Mrs. Van Zandt of Aldine Square, Chicago.

"How in the dickins air you goin' to tell us about gitten hugged by a woman that hurt you, when taint of yer own knowledge?"

"Shut up, Bill!" said Idaho, "let the Doctor go on with his story."

"Mrs. Van Zandt had a good reason for posting herself in regard to the facts, and she got them straight. I cannot go into all the particulars. To start far enough back, there was a pretty young girl of Paisley, Scotland, and I may say that the Scotch lassies are the prettiest girls in the world. This girl's name was Agnes, and she was of a well to do family. I suppose she had some romantic notions about her-got to reading novels, probably, and she allowed her French music teacher to make love to her and she ran away with him, the poor little fool---"

"Hang Agnes an' the fiddlin Frenchman!" exclaimed Peace, "what is that got to do with---"

"Looky 'ere, Bill, if you don't shut up an' let the Doctor alone I'll whack you over the head with this oar."

"Well," resumed the Doctor, "it was the old story. Her folks cast her off, and she hadn't any mother, you see, mothers always hang on in such cases and never let go, but her mother was dead and the housekeeper lied about her, so they cut her off square and forever After Agnes and the Frenchman had starved around a while, for he wasn't a bad fellow except for drinking, her folks bought them tickets for Chicago. Those Scotch think that Chicago is somewhere out here about Coeur d'Alene, and they thought they would send her so far that she never could get back. So they came on to Chicago. As I said, Jacques was a jolly good fellow, and was kind to Agnes. He had talent, too, and they would have got on happily but for the poor fellow's drinking. He kept sliding down, down till at last he was on a saloon orchestra, and that finished him. They had a miserable room on "Biler Avenue", among a miscellaneous mix of Irish, negroes, Poles, and other trash, and one night he came down with the tremens. He stood it out three days howling and clawing, and then he grew calm. Agnes worn out with watching, and broken-hearted, lay down on the floor, fell asleep, and when she woke Jacques was dead. Well, after this poor Agnes picked up and struggled on with her child. Having been tenderly raised, the hard life and horrible surroundings soon did their work and poor Agnes was put in a pine box and hauled away by the health brigade "

"Dead!" said Peace, and he heaved a sigh.

"And that was the end of her romantic love match "

The Doctor stopped, and with an expression of pain, placed his well hand on his neck and arm. In a few minutes he continued:

"Well boys perhaps you know that I hung out my shingle in Chicago about four or five months ago. I tried to get in between the residence and business quarters on State St near twenty-fifth There is nothing so trying in life as to sit out the office hours waiting for patients, or calls that do not come. Every foot-fall in the entry way awakened a hope, only to kill it. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick and no doctor can cure that sickness. However, that is gone now, I have a few good friends in the right circles and am sure of enough for a living. Out of office hours I find plenty to do; I hunt up sick folks among the poor, and pull many a poor person or child through, and am quite a great man among them. Somehow the poor on "Biler avenue" found me out. I never cared to go into that quarter, but they come for me more than two miles. How far is it, Daly?"

"Over two and a half and under three miles, I should say."

"Well, one night about six weeks ago, an Irishman rung me up about ten o'clock in the evening, a hard looking customer he was, and wanted me to go with him to the "Avenue." I objected when he said:

"Thin bedad she may doi."

"The amount of it was he would pay nothing and if I did not go she would have no medical help. So I went. Arriving at the place, he led me to the rear of one of the shanties, up an outside stair and into his den. It was not a nice room, boys. The air was bad, the furniture worse, and the inmates worst. I turned up the greasy lamp and there lay my patient on a saw-buck cot, a girl about eight years old. She gazed at me with delirious eyes, large and wild. Her brow and neck were white as paper, through the grime and her cheeks and lips like roses, and her hair was tossed out over the pillows. Now, while as a physician I did not like the visible symptoms, I tell you boys that I was so dazzled with the poor childs beauty that I forgot for a moment what I was there for. It did not take long to locate the trouble; I knew it was lung fever, with acute inflammation. I saw another thing at a glance, that she did not belong to that low family. I pressed my hand on her brow and took hold of her wrist. She freed her hand and reaching up took me by the hair and gently pulled my face down to hers and said in a frightened whisper:

"Papa, I'm so glad you have come back."

I turned to the vicious looking crone who nodded in her chair and said: 'Your daughter is delirious, madam.'

"Yis! yis! I shpose so." She answered, starting up. "I wish she'd be afther be gitten well or dyin' immajitly. She's worritin the life av me, so she is. Me ould man thinks if we can git her up we can be afther makin somethin av her."

"Av coorse I do!" said the man. "Phwat would I be afther goin foive moiles, there and agin, for the docther, if I didn't, whin me bones be achin wid me day's worrick."

I told them to go to their beds if they had any, that I would stay with the child till morning. They crept into a sort of large closet and were soon snoring in a way that I despise. The child held out her arms to me when I went to her again, and said, "Kiss me, papa." "I'm so glad you come back." To soothe her I put my face down to hers, and she pressed her hot cheek to mine. I found a can of lard, and some rags, and soon had her chest in plasters of grease. Then administered some remedies, went to a saloon and got some ice, and soon had her thirst quenched and she slept Well, boys, I need not go into the details of the treatment, but in a week she was out of danger. The old crone told me I need not come again. But," I said, "she is not in a condition to leave yet, madam, and as it costs you nothing I will come again."

"Yis ave coorse, ye want to be runnin' up a docther bill agin me, an' she's cost me more now than I'll iver git out av her, so she has."

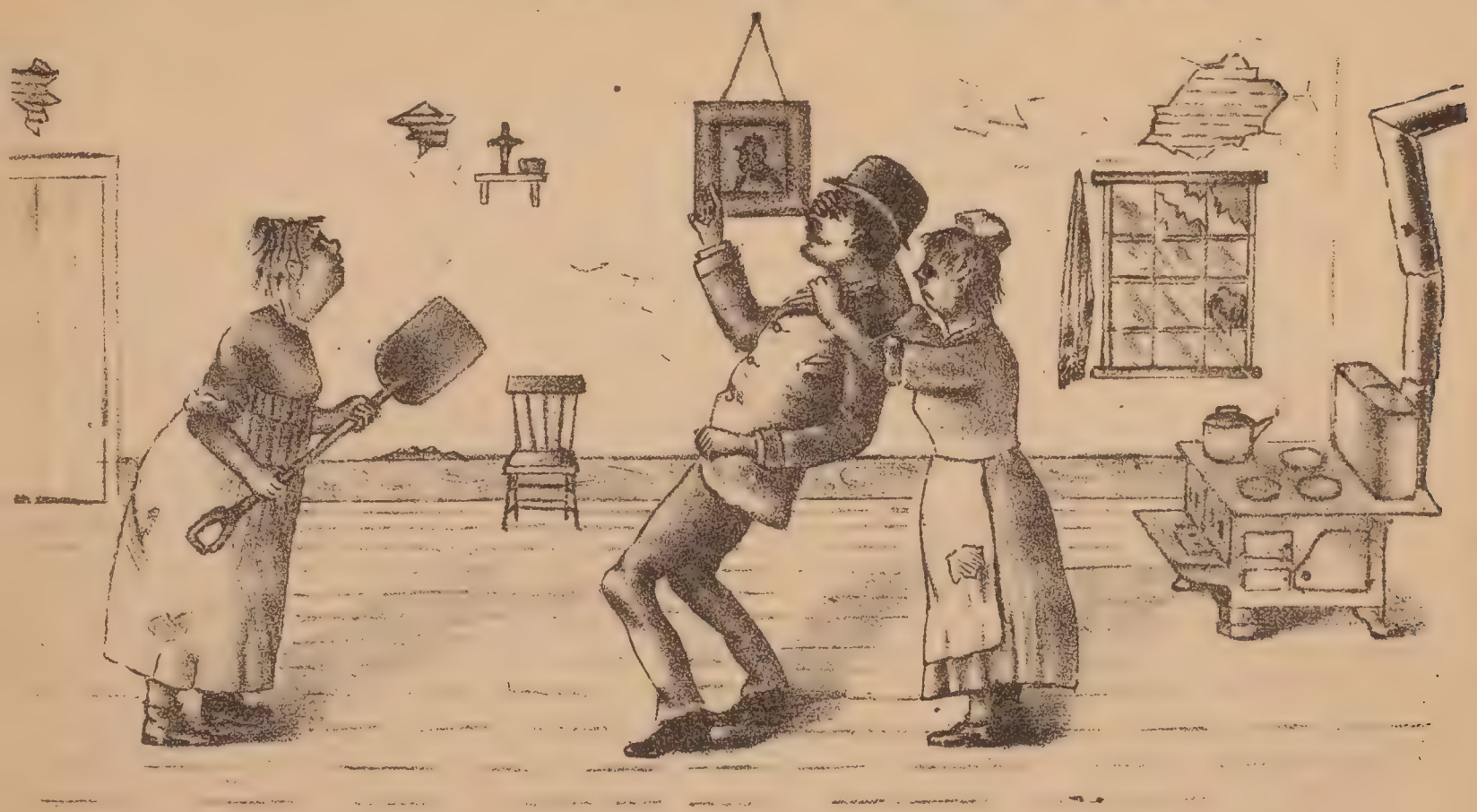
"But you know I make no charge, and that is the reason why you sent for me."

"I tell ye's to git out av this, an if ye iver show your ugly mug inside av me dure agin, I'll smash yer head wid the shovel, so I will."

The poor child cowered under the filthy coverlet and I left, much afraid of the effects of the fright upon her delicate frame. I went immediately to a young lawyer, a cousin of Daly's here, and had him get out a writ of Habeas Corpus went before the Probate and made affidavit; a baliff was assigned to the duty, and I gave him an exact description of the locality. He said he would start at three o'clock and for me to be on hand at that hour to go with him; as bad luck would have it, I had an important case and was ten minutes behind meeting the baliff's appointment. He had gone with a patrol wagon, being sure that he could locate and bring the child. I ran the over half mile at the top of my speed, I arrived at the place, and ran up the stairs, hearing women's voices cursing above, and supposed that they were berating the baliff; but he had

made quick work and had taken the child away. I entered the room turned towards the bed, when a pair of red female arms were about my neck from behind, in a choking hug. I was thoroughly winded by my run of half a mile and in no condition to compete with her.

"Ye murtherin blackguard!" She screamed in my ear.



"Kill him, Biddy! Hit him wid the shovel! Kill the ugly divil

It seemed to me those women were wonderfully quick, practical pugilists and fighters. I had scarcely time to make a twist, when there came a shock and a long singing ring in my ears. I knew that a deadly blow had been dealt on my head, but beyond that thought I knew nothing. The next knowledge that I had of myself I was lying in the bottom of a patrol wagon, and rattling rapidly over the pavement. They ran me in and locked me up, and was booked as "drunk and disorderly." I discovered that I was pretty badly hurt, though was hopeful that there was no fracture of the skull. I was badly beaten otherwise. They probably stamped me; how I escaped being killed, I do not know. I asked for medical aid and to have friends sent for, but was told that I could have them when my case was called in the morning. The next morning I was in a raging fever, too delirious to give an an intelligent account of myself, and was taken to the county hospital. Four days elapsed

before I was able to be out. I went to the Probate court, but found that the child had been remanded to its alleged parents as there was no one to dispute the claim. That is how I got hugged the last time, boys. Peace, pour a little cold water on my arm, the bandage is stiffening and it hurts outrageously.

"But Doc, how about the kid, the little gal?" Exclaimed Bill, pouring on the water.

"I told you the O'Rourkes got away with her."

"And you let them git her?" Said Peace, spitting on his hands and grabbing the oars. "Weld, you fellers down in Chicago don't do business in the way I'd done it. I don't want to use eny fightin' language to a man when he's down, but you may call me coward ef I wouldn't a strapped on a couple o 'persuaders' an' gone down thar an' bored the hull crowd full of holes. You kin jist bet."

"Don't git your paint on so suddin, Bill." Said Idaho. "I'll bet you a half share in the 'Blacktail', thet he didn't stop thar."

Well, that arm feels better. Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes. Things looked pretty dark for my little girl, and I spent that day's office hours in thinking it over. I concluded that I had been running the trail the wrong way. I had no evidence except the appearance of the child, and her persistance in regarding me as her papa. She had but faint recollections of her parents, not enough to make a case, and I could show no right to the possession of the child. There was nothing to be done without money; I left my office and went to see Mrs. Van Zandt, a lady of wealth, whose acquaintance and friendship I had been so fortunate as to win. And I told her the whole story. She laughed when I told her about the hugging, but begged my pardon, and came and parted my hair and looked at the plaster, patted me and said:

"You poor boy! How much money?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Van Zandt."

She went to a safe and taking out four gold twenties and two tens, handed them to me and said. "As much more as you need."

I went straight to a detective agency on Monroe street, stated my case to the round faced, good natured old chief, and he said:

"Now me boy ye have had a time of it aint ye? I'll put my man Riley on this for ye. You come around to-morrow at two."

I reported to Mrs. Van Zandt the next morning, and she told me to report again in the evening, and bring the child if I got her. I entered the detective agency office at two o'clock, and was hardly inside of the door before my little girl rushed into my arms, crying "Papa, papa! Dear, dear papa!"

The chief called me into the private office and looked at me with a quizzical expression. He said:

"Oh! you sly rogue. So you are a papa, are you? You didn't say anything about that in your talk yesterday."

That's all right, Jim, let's see the report.

The chief rang the bell, and to the clerk who answered it said: "Give me report of 936."

"No. 936:

I left office at 8.30; put on suit no. 2; went to address furnished; found no such family as O'Rourke; inquired of neighbors; said they moved Wednesday night; went to saloon on corner; found O'Rourke owed bill. Bar-keeper knew expressman who moved them; found expressman; went back to saloon; wanted $10 to take me to O'Rourke. Went with expressman; went in and found O'Rourkes; got whisky and had a game of cards; everybody full; bought child for gallon whisky and two dollars in silver; took child away; got contract.

Signed:

James Riley, No. 33.

Expenses.

3 car fares	.15
2 drinks barkeeper	.50
4 drinks expressman	1.
Expressman	.50
O'Rourkes whiskey	3.50
Cash to O'Rourke	2.
Time 7 hours at $1	7.
Dinner for child	.25
	$14.90

I paid the bill and left an extra gold twenty for "Riley." I took the little girl directly to Mrs. Van Zandt, and she asked me to call the next afternoon. I called the next day, and the child was brought in, and rushed to my arms as before. I should not have know her. Beautiful light brown hair falling over white shoulders, eyes of deepest blue, the sweetest mouth. Boys, she is a darling. The little girl's name was Agnes, and by correspondence Mrs. Van Zandt found out the whole story as related, and if the chain of evidence can be completed to the satisfaction of the barristers who have charge of the estate in Scotland, she will get a snug sum. Her grandfather, old Mr. Stawart, died shortly after Agnes, his daughter, left, but relented at the last and willed her con

siderable of his estate."

When we reached Sand Point, fever had set in. His arm was becoming inflamed, and no physician or medicines within seventy-five miles. I telegraphed for a physician to Spokane, and also to Mr. Horton at Lost Valley, telling them of John's mishap, and to come on. The next day the surgeon arrived and pronounced the arm badly sprained and the shoulder dislocated. He remained with us until the second day, and on the third Mr. Horton and Grace were to arrive. The Doctor was so much better this day, in anticipation of their coming, that he was able to get around, with his arm in a sling. He, being very anxious to go home now, I wired the Hortons that we would take their train east that day with them. We went aboard that afternoon and found a section engaged for us, next to Mr. Horton and Grace. I was glad to meet them, as it took some responsibility of John's care off my shoulders, and having had little or no sleep for three nights was nearly used up Grace was very anxious to know the full particulars of John's escapade, but the Doctor said that I was authority, and when I told her of John's suffering so much coming home in the boat, and since, the tears came to her eyes, and she said:

"Now I can try to pay you back for all your kindness to me when I hurt my ankle last spring, and I'm going to take care of you

until we get-clear-to-Chicago." Then she blushed, and John said: "How kind you are", etc. But every one felt better, and our spirits began to improve.

Grace at once constituted herself the nurse. We chatted for awhile, but being so tired I stretched out on the seat, with my head on a pillow in the corner, and was soon asleep. I was awakened by Grace, toward evening, saying the Doctor's arm was paining him severely; that he had said the bandages were too tight; now would I come and help dress his arm? I found the Doctor suffering, and a little irritable. I could hardly touch him but what he would growl like a dog, at my "clumsiness". He would let Grace jam his arm around, and look as placid as a buckwheat cake. We dressed it as best we could, being retarded by the motion of the train. Further efforts on my part to help him, were kindly refused, he insisting that Grace could take care of him, a task she seemed more than willing to undertake; and when he complained of headache, she combed his hair and bathed his face. From the angelic expression on the Doctor's countenance, I should have judged that he would like to break the other arm somehow, as soon as this one was well, if he could have hired the same nurse. If he had done so, I should say his arms were dislocated, one FOR LOVE and one FOR BEARS. Sabe?

When Grace entered upon her duties as nurse, she removed her

hat and tied a white silk handkerchief around her hair "bandanna" fashion, which gave her a jaunty look. In her new calling she was even more charming than before.

The next day I was sitting quietly in my seat reading. Mr. Horton was out having a quiet smoke. I leaned back and folded the paper across my face. Grace and John were sitting in the next seat back of me, talking spasmotically. My back was to them. I guess they thought I was asleep. I heard John in a low voice hesitatingly say:

"The-cooking-was-bad. I think-I'm not-feeling-so well-on that account.

Well, I thought, unconscious of what he was driving at, you eat enough, anyhow, to sink a small boat. He continued:

"I-thought-of getting-a different-cook-that is--"

"Yes," she said eagerly, "you should have had good wholesome food. It is so necessary."

"I mean-a nice-little-(ahem)-that is-nice little-cook."

"Oh, yes." You mean a Chinese cook. Yes, they <u>are</u> little cooks but they are not <u>nice</u>. You don't know, Doctor, what trouble we do have with them on the coast."

"Well-I mean-you know-(ahem)-that is-we wanted-somebody-to-pour-out-the-tea."

Grace looked at him a little dumb-founded a minute, and said:

"Why, I thought when gentlemen were out camping they always waited on themselves. Do you generally have the cook pour out the tea? I'm dreadfully ignorant about camping out, and getting hurt by things, but I always supposed that you sit down on the ground and eat like you do at picnics, only you don't say, 'Oh, Mrs. Jones, is this your cake? why, isn't it nice--I must get your receipt.' And Grace laughed, and looked as though she thought she was terribly lacking in "camping out" education.

John was extinguished. He knew he had got it wrong, but he could not tell where, so he muttered something unintelligible, while I took off my cap and stuffed it in my mouth, to keep myself quiet.

The next day John's arm was paining him again, and Grace called on me to help her. John would squirm all over, and his face would look like the "Laocoon's" when I would touch him. We did dress it in a bungling manner, but I consoled him by saying we would soon be home. Grace said:

"You must have <u>some one</u> to take good care of you."

The Doctor looked at her quickly, and said: "Wont you do it, Grace? Wont you always?"

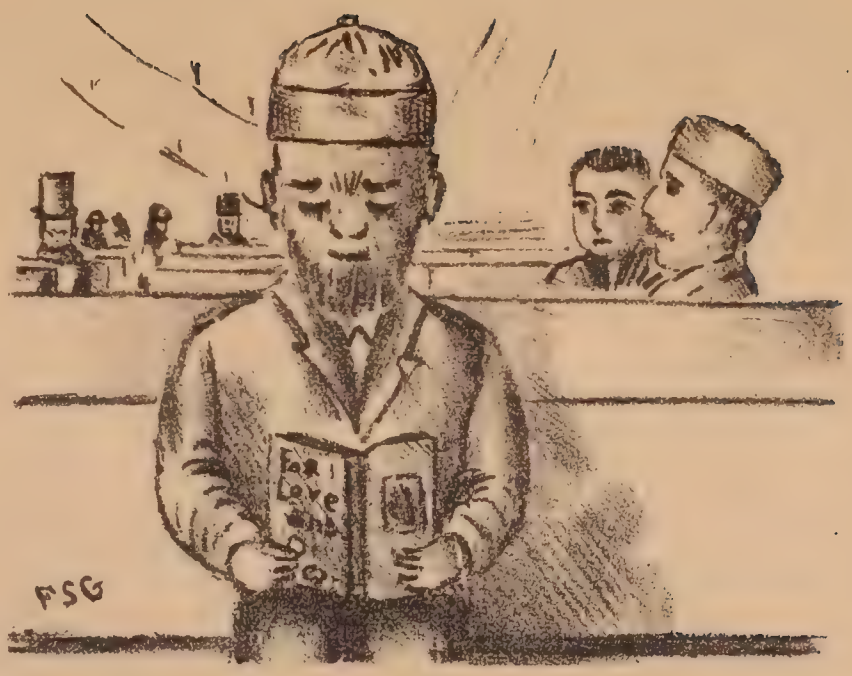
I was right there; Mr. Horton heard it. John was pale and Grace was blushing, with her head down. She stammered:

"Oh,-I-I-meant good-proper-medical-care." And her eyes filled with tears.

"But-whatever-papa-says-", and with that she hid her face in her handkerchief.

Mr. Horton looked at her tenderly, and said: "Grace, if it is your happiness, it is mine." And the old gentleman got a little husky and went out on the platform.

That was just the way I expected the thing to happen, and I felt sorry for Grace and the embarrassment of old Mr. Horton. But John had tried the pour-out-the-tea story, and when that did not have the desired effect, he was desperate. I had the Doctor's arm still unwrapped and it looked like a porterhouse steak, streaked and stained with iodine and smelling of arnica and camphor. I had to wrap it up. The ludicrousness of the thing came over me, and I could hardly refrain from roaring. I knew these two were crazy to fall into each others arms, or rather John was anxious for Grace to fall on one arm, I don't believe he would have risked the game one, and here was a car full of passengers, and they suspected something, as they were all looking at us with rather questioning glances except the Turkish gentleman, he did not take his eyes off his book from Asia Minor to New York.



The Turkish gentleman.

The silence was broken by Grace saying, "I wish everybody would not look so " And then her handkerchief went up to her eyes again, but John placed his hand on hers and said:

"Never mind, darling! I'm glad it's all over "

I was anxious to get John's arm dressed, and to get out of sight, but needed a bandage. John saw my predicament and told me to take a handkerchief out of his inside coat pocket and use that I reached for it, and in pulling it out, there came with it, folded up nicely, Grace's silk stocking that I had cut off when her foot was sprained the spring before. Grace looked at me with a merry twinkle in her eye, while John looked at it with a wonder-how-that-came-there expression, blushed slightly but said nothing. Finally Grace said: "Now, you dear old Jim, you go out and see papa, I'll

do the rest." I went.

I did not care to see papa just then, so strolled on ahead to the dining car. It was just midway between dinner and supper; the waiters were gathered in one end of the car and two of their number were playing, one the guitar and the other the banjo. Their playing was good, but I enjoyed their singing more than anything else. The words were nonsensical, but the music was good. I only recall several old songs, one was a refrain and the whole company on the chorus:

(By permission of the "Century,")

Dar's gwine to be an overflow, said Noah, lookin solemn,
Fur Noah took de "Herald" an' read de ribber column
An so he set his hands to work a clearin timber patches
An' lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamer "Natchez"
All: Fur we're gwine to de shuckin
Yes we're gwine to de shuckin
We are gwine to de shuckin of de corn
An' I'll meet you in the mornin'
Yes I'll meet you in de mornin
When we've done with de shuckin of de corn.

Ole Noah's men kep' hammerin an' clippin an' sawin
An all de wicked people kep' a laffin an' a pshawin
But Noah didn't mind em, for he knew what's gwine to happen,
An forty days an forty nights de rain she kep'a drappin.
All: Keep in de middle of de road
Yes keep in de middle of de road
Doan' turn to de right
Doan' turn to de left
But keep in de middle of de road.

Now Ham he was de only nigger workin on de packet
Got lonesome in de barber shop,he couldn't stan' de racket
An' so fur to amuse his'self,he got some wood an' bent it
An' soon he had a banjo made,de fust dat was invented.

All: Crying Amen! Shine on.
For every day'll be Sunday
By'm bye.
Crying Amen! Shine on
For every day'll be Sunday
By'm bye.

Now de possum had a fine a tail,as dis dat I'm a singen'
De hars was long an' thick an' strong,jes right fur banjo stringin
Dis niggah shaved em off as short as wash day dinner graces
An sorted of em by de size,from little "E" to bases.

All: For nobody knows what the boarders eat
Nobody has the least suspicion
Eat what you get an' close your mouth
At this hungry half starved boarding house.

Now strange it is dat since dat day dars no de slightest showin'
Of any har at all upon de possum's tail a growin'
An' cur'us too dat niggah's ways,his people'l nevah lose em
Fur whar you fin' de niggah,dars de banjo an' de possum.
All: Fur we're gwine to de shuckin,etc.

Another in a minor refrain:

"Po' sinnah,if you speckster git to hebben by'm by
You'd bettah put de garments on fur trabble in de sky
Do all you' spruce an' fixin now,an' make you' faces shine
An' doan' let Gabrel ketch you wid de washin' on de line."

De yallar-hammer's knocken on de tree-top in de spring
De debbils knocken all de time an' hoverin on de wing
De crows are a watchin when you'r drappin in de corn
An' de <u>plunk</u> of watermillions is loudest in de morn.

Another took up this song, as soon as the other had been sung:

De diner's de kyer fur de overlan' dude
From ole Mississip' to de sea
With sasingers fur brekfast, mince pie and ham
An' milk toas' an' ice cream fer tea.

Then all on the chorus:

But ham-oh-a ham
I'm dyin' fur a bite o' ham
You kin bake it, you kin fry it,
You kin stew it an' dry it,
But gimme the bone of a ham.

The music suddenly stopped and they made a peculiar smacking of the lips, and motion of the jaws, as negroes generally do when eating something especially to their taste, but it was done in unison. They then repeated the chorus, although much faster, while one of their number executed a shuffle on the floor. The car began filling up with passengers who heard of the music, and would occasionally toss a quarter or a half to the banjoist. Without stopping he would catch the silver pieces, wet one side of them with his tongue and stick them around his forehead and cheeks. How he made them stay there was a mystery, but they did. He was nearly silver plated when he got through. Another verse of this same tune was:

A feller com-er-long on de las' trip out
He was one of dese "I don't give a d--.
He called fer pork, fer spare ribs an' cheese
An' a slice of de bes' ole ham.

All: But ham-oh-a-ham, etc.

When the singer came to the expression, (d--) he undoubtedly gave it full pronounciation, but if so, it was not heard as the other singers, who were evidently watching for it, and to express their disgust for him for using such language before ladies, rolling their eyes, said at the right time to make the unison perfect, "Blim, blam" as one voice. Immediately their faces assumed the usual expression and off they went on the chorus.

Another song:

Dis fac I make-a-mention
De ladies gits attenshun
A ridin' in a Pullman car
To de gents I'm quite polite
When I'm keepin' em all night
A ridin' in a Pullman car.

Chorus: Oh hear dem wheels a rollin'
Dey nebber mak' a jar
Dey run so nice, so slick an' smooth
A ridin' in a Pullman car.

When de ebenin's comin' on
An' de daylight mos' all gone
A ridin' in a Pullman car
I lays down a bran' new spread
An' tucks you in you' bed
A ridin' in a Pullman car.

Chorus: etc.

In de morn' when you's awake
An' I gib you' clos' a shake
A ridin' in a Pullman car
You may think I got no sense
But I collects my fifty cents
A ridin' in a Pullman car.

Another song that was new to me was sung with great gusto, called "Home-made Chicken Pie." I only remember several verses.

By permission of Frank Dumont, Esq.

If you want to make a niggah feel good
I'll tell you what to do
Grab a pullet from a neighbor's yard
An' take it home with you.

Make de dough an' roll him in
An' den you kin wink yo' eye
Fur you git de flavor den yo' bet
Of home-made chicken pie.

Chorus: Oh, de home-made chicken pie,
Oh aint it awful nice
I wish to goodness gracious
I had a great big slice.

You go aroun' when de night is dark
An' de chickens can not see;
De dog am tied up in de yard,
Den make up to de tree.

Grab dar legs. Pull em down,
Fight like a william goat.
If dey holler, twist der necks,
An' shove em under de coat.

This song was kept up for probably twenty verses, and I think that many of them were improvised for the occasion, and they could have kept it up indefinitely had not the dining car conductor come in and called out, "Clear away, boys, for supper."

That wedding occurred last November, and here it is spring again. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, that is Jack and Grace, come over to our house regularly twice a week, and the women are together every day. Grace was in the library one day and found this story and read the whole of it, and the next time she saw me she said:

"It's real mean of you, Jim, to tell everything just as it happened; but that is just the way with you men, while you are everlastingly talking about the way we women gossip."

She looked real provoked, too. Now we don't! Men as a rule have other things to talk about. When they come over in the evening and Jack and I are having a little game of "seven up" in the corner, I have seen Grace unfold a little bundle on her lap, and take out little things all embroidered, with puckering strings around the neck. Then Christine said, "Oh! oh! isn't that sweet. But do you suppose I'll say anything about that? Not much.

The Stocking.

Donald McKenzie.

I'll not write you a grand epic measure
A sonnet or Homeric lay,
But glorify simply a stocking;
A treasure now folded away.

A mitten's the sign of disfavor.
The stocking is--what shall I say?
It must be "Hope on", for surely
Hope is my stars brightest ray.

You have all the courage that's needful:
A lion could not change your path;
At the sight of a mitten you shiver
And sway in the wind like a lath.

It's a hint, without a word spoken.
It's sting's felt keener than blows.
And to come from the hand of a woman,
Is a thorn mid the leaves of a rose.

The silken wee hose is a treasure,
Folded up in my breast for aye:
It sings to my heart in sweet measure,
"Be mine in the full of the day."

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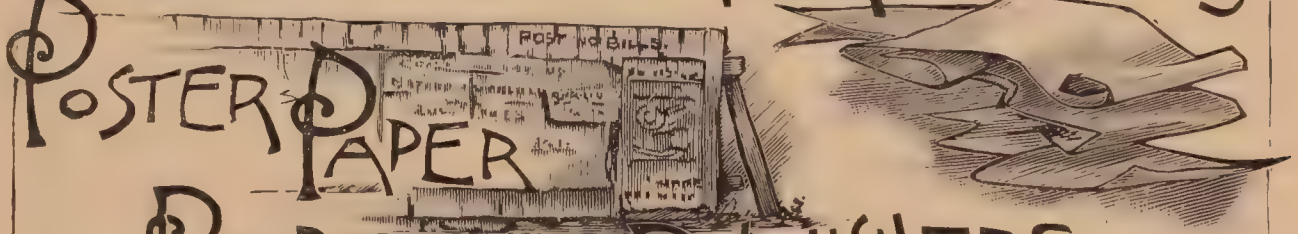

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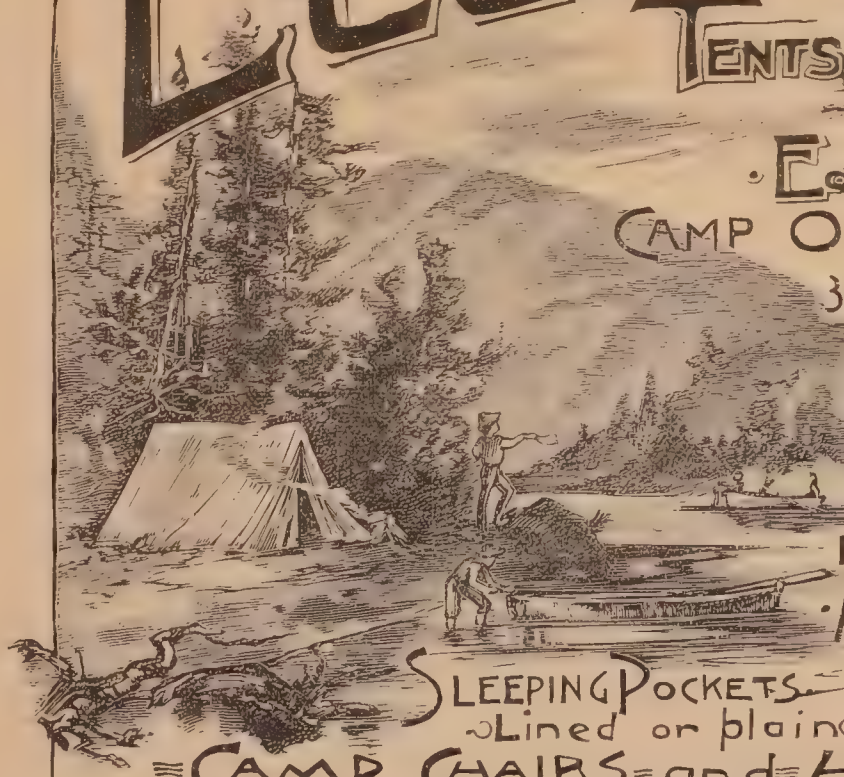

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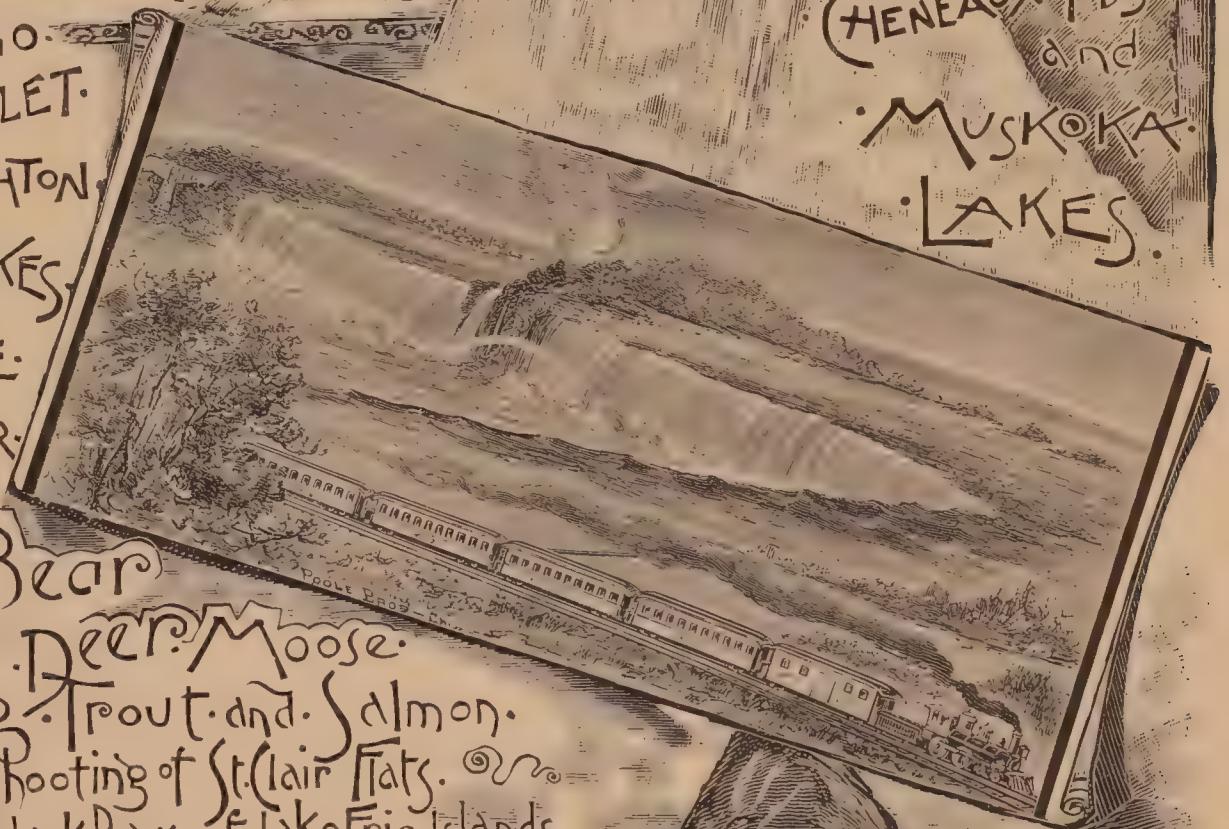

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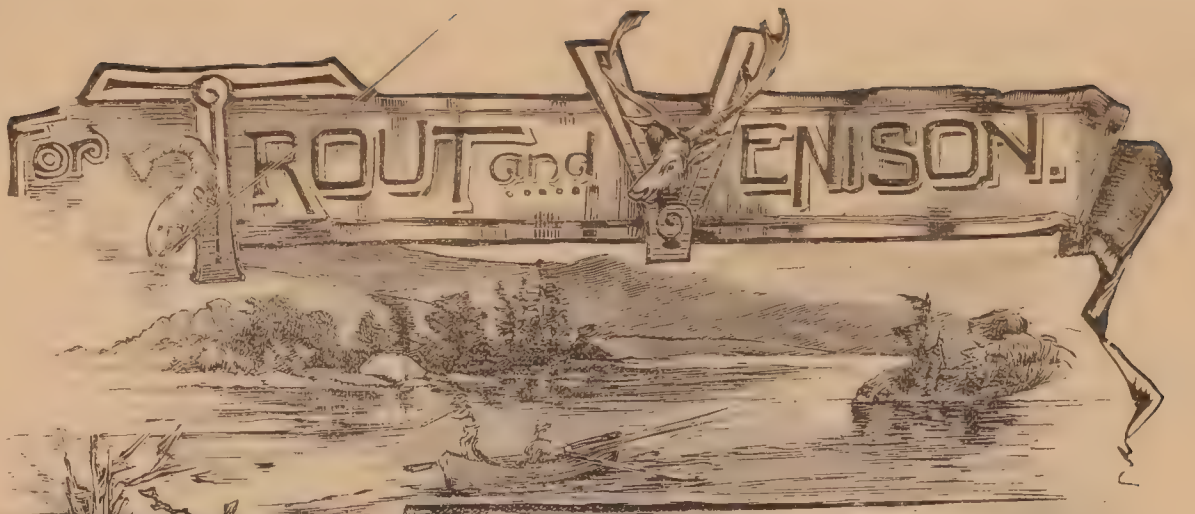

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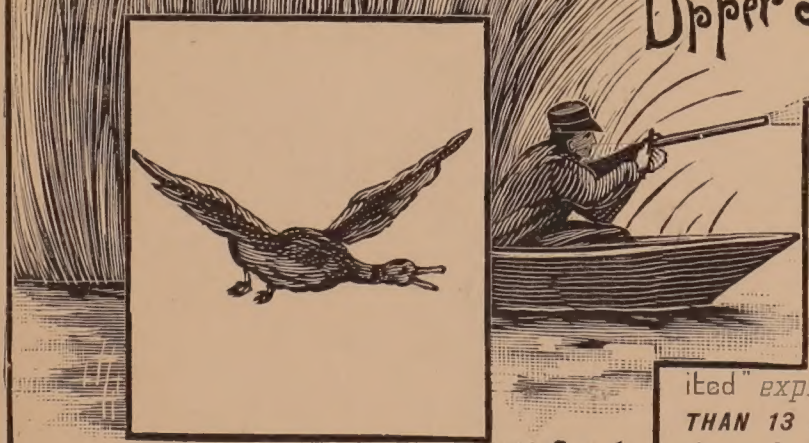

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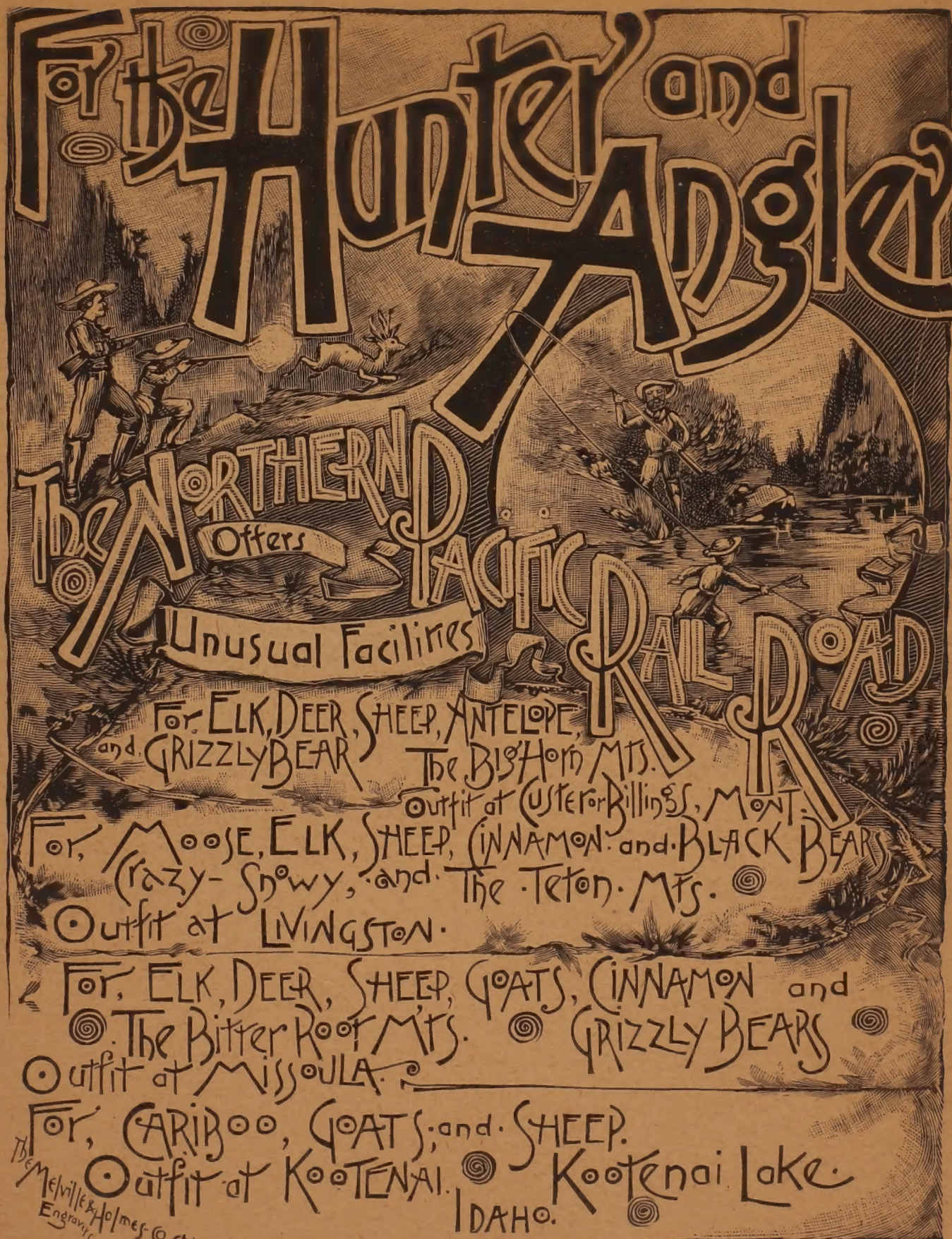

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